

# THE ANTIOCH NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, NEUTRAL IN NOTHING AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

Vol. VII. No. 19.

J. J. BURKE  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Antioch, Illinois, Thursday Morning, January 4, 1894.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.  
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

## CHRISTMAS IS NIGH.

MAKE SOME ONE HAPPY.

### THE MODEL CLOTHING HOUSE, OF WAUKEGAN,

Offers for the opportunity to do so at very small cost, 500 Boys Suits and Overcoats, to pick from, 95 cents to \$1.00. 1,000 Mens Suits and Overcoats, to choose from, \$4.00 to \$20.00.

Stacks of MENS FURNISHINGS, from the Best to the Cheapest Grades. Any Style of HAT or CAPS now worn. We do Business on the

#### PROFIT SHARING PLAN,

Which means a saving to you of at least 25 Per Cent. on every article brought.

## The Model Clothing House

TEMPERANCE TEMPLE,

WAUKEGAN, - - - ILLINOIS.

Mail Orders promptly attended to.

#### Antioch Time Table, Wisconsin Central Line.

Going North	Arr. at Antioch	Going South	Arr. at Chicago
No. 1, 10:40 P.M.	12:12 A.M.	No. 2, 6:00 A.M.	7:42 A.M.
No. 3, 7:30 A.M.	10:11 A.M.	No. 4, 1:30 P.M.	3:23 P.M.
No. 5, 3:45 P.M.	5:18 P.M.	No. 6, 7:30 A.M.	11:03 A.M.
Reference marks: * stop at Milburn. * daily. * daily except Sunday. * daily except Sunday and Monday.		Reference marks: * Sun. only. * Mon. only.	

Entered at the Antioch Post-office for transmission through the mails as second class mail matter.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. \$1.25 IF NOT PAID IN 60 DAYS.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR.

I have but recently purchased the harness shop of A. McDowell, and invite all those who need

**Harness, Whips, Robes,  
Horse Furnishing Goods,  
Trunks and Valises.  
Light and Heavy Harness.**

I ALSO KEEP IN STOCK

**Burlington Stable Blankets,  
Sleighbell's, Brushes,  
Curry Combs, Etc., Etc.**

To call on me, examine goods and get my prices.

I am a stranger among you but by good work and fair dealing on my part, and the ready cash on yours, you and I will soon know each other.

**ALL WORK GUARANTEED.**

**B. F. NABER,  
ANTIOCH, ILL.**

Located between the Wilton Opera House and the New Bank Building.

**FRED PITMAN,  
ANTIOCH, - ILLINOIS.**

Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**HAND-MADE HARNESS**

**Whips, Robes and Blankets.**

I handle a line of the very best Machine made goods and sell the same

**AT BED ROCK PRICES.**

In the line of Custom work and Repairs I use the Best Oak Tanned Leather and will fill your order for a set of

**HAND MADE HARNESS**  
at a price as low as other dealers ask

**For Harness made by Machinery.**

I offer a Special Discount on

**STRAPS, BRIDLES & HALTERS,**

**AND WILL DO REPAIR WORK**

**AT LIVE AND LET LIVE PRICES.**

Call in and let me quote you prices on

**A LARGE LINE OF BLANKETS**

now in stock ready for inspection.

Yours anxious to please, FRED PITMAN.

Notice.

The annual meeting of the Millburn Mutual Insurance Company will be held in the Foresters Hall, Millburn on Saturday, January 6th, 1894 at 10:30 a. m. to receive the official reports of the management and of the officers, and to attend to all other business the interest of the company may require. A full attendance is desired.  
JOHN A. THAIN, Sec'y.  
Millburn, Dec. 19th, 1893.

#### Antioch Home News.

Get your job printing done now.

J. B. Story is reported as being on the sick list.

C. O. Foltz took in Chicago on business Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Hodge visited in Lake Villa Thursday last.

James Isbester, of Lake Villa, was a caller at our office Friday.

Rev. M. A. Bruton, of Rosecrans, was in our village New Years day.

Messrs Edgar and Kelly attended the convention at Millburn Friday last.

See the new washing machine being introduced by H. J. Middendorff.

The revival meetings at the M. E. church will continue during the remainder of this week.

Will Ray, Trevor's enterprising livestock dealer, attended the New Years dance Monday night.

T. B. Bradenburg, of Harvard, spent several days of this week visiting friends in and around Antioch.

The revival meetings at the M. E. church have been well attended, though the bad weather and roads have kept many away.

A birthday party was given Friday evening in honor of Emma Trieger at her home in Grass Lake. The event was a pleasant one.

Don't forget Barlow, Hatch & Co's great offer. A large, neat frame with every dozen cabinet photographs. Come now while the offer holds good.

Until further notice Barlow, Hatch & Co. the photographers, will give an elegant frame with every dozen cabinet photographs. Call at the gallery and see them.

The numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Graves, of Waukegan, will be pained to learn of the death of their little boy, which occurred last week. The News extends sympathy to the sorrowing parents.

It is now proper to write at 180. The tax levy on this town for this year is \$10,000.

Miss Lillian Robbins is visiting Antioch relatives and friends.

Miss Addie Schafer visited Burlington friends New Years day.

Edwin Richards contemplates building a new house on his farm at Fox Lake in the spring.

Wedding stationery! Well, we have lots of it and cheap too. Come in and look over our stock. You will find our prices and work right.

The revival meetings at the M. E. church will continue during the present week. So far much good has been done and quite a number of conversions have been made.

If you are tired of doing your washing on the old arm aching, back-breaking wash-board, just send word to H. J. Middendorff to call and show you an easier method.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Guggin spent the New Year holidays with relatives here. We are sorry to note that Frank does not look as robust and healthy as when he was a resident of this neighborhood.

J. B. Burnett, who has been for several weeks past in Chicago, on federal petit jury service, was home to spend New Years with his family here. He expects to be discharged from duty this week and will doubtless be home Saturday evening.

We understand that Attorney M. S. Miller, of Lake Villa, is about to take up his residence in this village. A lawyer located here will be of considerable advantage to all who wish to get noted on legal matters or employ an attorney on civil suits in justice court.

Small pox is said to be not an uncommon disease in Chicago at the present time. Whether it will spread to beyond the city limits is of course very uncertain. However, it is best to be on the safe side. Vaccination, though a disagreeable ordeal to suffer, is a sure preventative and every one should protect themselves before the dread disease approaches too near.

Rev. Donald McLean, one of the revivalists who was conducting meetings at the M. E. church last week, bid farewell to his friends last Saturday morning and left for new fields. His method of exhortation did not meet with the entire approval of some of the members of the above church but it is our earnest conviction that if there were more Donald McLeans there would be more earnest and happy christians.

The Love Comedy Co., which was billed to appear at the Wilton opera house Thursday and Friday of last week, disbanded here after giving their opening performance. The manager, Arthur Love, proved to be a dead beat of the worst kind after running several bills quietly disappeared. It is such people as Love that makes our people disgusted with all shows and when one comes along that deserves patronage the chances are that they will show to a slim house.

You should investigate the merits of the new washing machine now being introduced in this locality by H. J. Middendorff. It is built on an entirely new principle from any of the so-called washing machines heretofore in use and does perfect work without wearing out the clothes. It will wash any garment as clean as can be done by hand and much quicker and easier and you do not have to stand over a steaming tub while doing the work. Mr. Middendorff will call on you at any time and show the working of the machine on your own washing, as he desires to sell it on its merits alone. The price is only \$8.00 and you cannot afford to be without one.

## MIDNIGHT CUSTOMERS

Williams Bros. Have New Customers Who Fail to Pay Cash.

## KNEW THEIR BUSINESS.

Entrance Forced Through a Rear Window and Quite a Large Amount of Goods Taken—So far There is no Clue and no Suspicion—They Visit Whitcher & Shotliff and Terry Brogan.

Customers who always come late and take pleasure in sympathizing with the much-abused and always tired dry goods clerk paid a visit to Williams Brothers' store Tuesday night. By the aid of an old tamarac ladder they forced their way through a window in the rear of the store, climbing over a row of shelves, upon which rested the stock of shoes carried by the store.

Once in the store and by the aid of a candle, which they carried with them, their task was an easy one. Their selection of clothing, shoes, hats, cutlery, underwear and jewelry showed that their taste was simple but costly. They took two of the best suits of clothing in the house and followed this up in a like manner by taking several overcoats, also of the best. Their selection of cutlery included the finest in the house and included nearly every razor and knife this firm had on hand. They left behind them three fifteen cent knives and notice is hereby served upon these midnight gentlemen that Williams Bros. will make them a present of the above knives upon their making application for the same in person.

From the clothing and shoes taken they were both, small men but their carrying capacity evidently was not the same. About the only trace these gentlemen left behind them was about half an inch of a candle and the imprints of a small hand upon the window sill. The total value of goods taken is estimated at \$100.

These same fellows also broke into Whitcher & Shotliff's meat market and Terry Brogan's saloon. At the first place after getting inside they pried open the cash drawer and found nothing but a handful of pennies. Still adhering to their former tastes they ignored the coppers. At Brogan's they pried open the rear door and took three or four boxes of cigars and something to drink.

A happy, prosperous new year to all is the wish of the News.

The *Magnum*, a three column folio, published at Shade's Corners, Wisconsin, is a recent arrival at our exchange table. Column and head lines are omitted from its make up, but would, in our opinion, materially improve its appearance.

J. T. Bower has been appointed Postmaster at Richmond. The *Gazette* in speaking of the appointment says it is a good one and that Mr. Bower will fill the bill, having acted as postmaster under Mr. Cleveland's former administration.

Mike Haddican, of Bristol, died at his home Wednesday morning of last week and was buried Friday. His death was unexpected as on Tuesday afternoon he walked from one room to another. In the night, however, he grew worse rapidly and passed away early Wednesday morning. His sickness, of about a month's duration, was at first called the grippe but the physicians finally decided that typhoid fever was the real cause of his death. The funeral was held Friday. The deceased was a cousin of Mrs. T. Brogan of this village.

Ladies and Misses Cloaks, Shawls, Blankets, Overcoats and Clothing at greatly reduced prices.

Remnant Sale this week and next, very cheap, come early before the most desirable are sold.

C. O. Foltz & Co.

## Money Saving Sale

## THE STAR.

The Star Clothing House, has just received a stock of 1,200 Overcoats which they shall dispose of at almost any price. So don't fail to call and examine our Overcoats before you buy elsewhere, because we can save you about 50 per cent. on each and every garment. A sale of this kind has never been offered in this county before and for that reason a man or boy should take advantage of it if he is in need of a coat.

This is no Fire, Water, Sheriff, Half Price, Selling Out, or Going Out of Business Sale, but a real . . . . .

### === MONEY SAVING SALE. ===

Come and convince yourself. Suits, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Boots and Shoes are marked way down at

**THE STAR,** 209, 211 Washington St.,  
NEAR POSTOFFICE. Waukegan, Illinois.

## JEWELRY.

I am daily adding to my stock and now have a nice lot of first class goods to show.

## HAVE YOU A NICKLE

Alarm Clock? If not come in and let me show you a nice line of them at 99 Cents. They are cheap at \$1.50.

I have a splendid line of New Silverware that I am going to sell you Cheap.

**GOOD WORK. LOW PRICES.**

**PROMPT ATTENTION.**

**Chas. H. Barber,  
JEWELER.**

IF YOU HAVE



—CALL ON—

**GEO. R. OLCOTT,**

**DENTIST,**

**ANTIOCH, - - - ILL.**

He Can Save Them

OR EXTRACT THEM

**.. WITHOUT PAIN ..**

**THE BEST**  
is always  
**THE CHEAPEST.**

YOU CAN FIND THE BEST  
AND MOST RELIABLE LINE OF

**FOOT WEAR,**

IN LAKE COUNTY, AT

**Finnegan Bros.,**

**Waukegan, Ills.**

134  
N. Genesee St.





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#### [CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.]

"I'm comin' to that. Well, after the people got ashore, and those that were drowned laid out in Seth Glass's fish-house, some of us came along the shore to see how Luke was gettin' on at the light. The sea-wall was broke up considerable by the seas in the night, and we were standin' lookin' at it, when some one see the wreck driftin' in. It was a bark, and she was waterlogged and staggerin' in the seas as if they couldn't keep her head to the wind. Then she seemed to keel over broadside to the seas, and she struck on the shoals, for it was 'most low tide. We give word to Luke, and he hung out a red table cloth from top of the light to rouse the folks, and we ran back to get a boat. I was among the first to reach the wharf and help launch a wharf-boat, but, Lor! it wasn't any use. It seemed to blow harder than ever, and 'tween the squalls we see that the folks on board had got out a boat and was tryin' to come ashore. They didn't get far, for, when a big wave hid the boat from sight, we never saw it again. Then, just as we were debat'ing whether we'd better risk it to get out to the ship, another boat was put off from under her lee. It wasn't no use. It never came ashore."

"Not a soul escaped?"

"Just one. The seas were a-flyin' in clouds over her, and it was almost dark. That night it shifted to the westward and blew a gale, and the next day was as calm and pretty a day as ever you see. We didn't go to bed that night, and 'bout daylight me and Tom Larkin and Jack Hathaway and one or two others rowed out to the wreck. It was 'most gone to pieces. Only the aft part was standin' anyway whole, and we climbed up into it. I was the first on the deck, though it was fast fallin' in. The cabin door was shut, but I kicked it open, and there in a berth in the cabin was you, —alone, —a little girl not big enough to speak. It was me found you, and the boys agreed you naturally belonged to me."

"The girl came nearer to him and kissed him again."

"Dear father!"

"It was strange you lived through that night. Mebbe you were too young to be frightened. It made a great time bringin' a strange baby ashore from a wreck. Mother had lost her boy, 'cept Sam, more'n six months, and when I put you in her arms she hearted right up and said you should be her baby."

"And you never learned the name of the ship, nor where she came from?"

"No. The boats came ashore completely smashed to pieces, and not a soul was left to tell a thing except you and you were a baby. The excitement o' findin' you made us forget everything. We rowed right ashore, lest you should die before we could get you to mother. Nobody thought o' anything 'cept the girl baby found in the cabin. Folks came for miles to see you and to see where the ship sunk. It wasn't more than an hour after we took you away when the wreck just quietly broke up and sunk. Not a trace of a paper or a name was found."

"Except the broken name-board."

"Yes. That was all. It was found by Caleb Bates's boys more'n a month after, wedged in the rocks on the shore. Just a piece of broken board with three letters carved on it. I've got it now somewhere. Nothing on it but three letters, M and A and a 1—Mali; the name I gave you."

For a few moments not a word was said. He had heard the story many times before. Never before had it made such an impression on her. But for this old man she was without a name or parents. Who was she? Where was she born? And where was her father—her mother? Were they living? She could not think that her mother could have been in the ship. She would have stayed on the wreck to die with her. Then the ship's captain—dead and silent forever—was he her father? She could not think that. He would not have left her on the wreck to die alone, even if only an infant. At least he must have known her mother or something about her. And he was dead—like the poor unknown ship with the broken name—silent forever.

Now she was to take with love a new name. Could she take it? Yes. Love accepts love unasked, unthinking. Yet—

The old man seemed to guess her thoughts.

"Haven't I been a good father to you, Mali?"

"The best,—the best that could be. But, father, did you never make search for any ship with a name having those three letters?"

She had never thought of this question before in all her life. Her childhood had been so peaceful and happy it had never come into her heart to think of it. She was his daughter by the adoption of love and care. She had never thought to ask more.

"No, Mali, I never did. We didn't think of it. You were only a baby, mother was took sick and died, and there were so many things to think of

I took you as a little girl just sent out o' heaven for me to love, and I didn't do anything. I s'pose we ought to have done something 'bout it, but we were plain folks, and we didn't think. It wasn't just right."

"It's no matter now, father. Sam does not care."

"No, Sam does not care. He loves you, and I guess he's contented. I be, so long as you stay near me."

Then they fell into silence for a few moments. The old man was twice tempted to speak, but did not. There was more to tell,—something he had never mentioned to any one, except to his dead wife, and she had asked him to keep it always a secret, and he had promised her.

"Mother was right," he said in his heart. "It would break the girl's heart if she knew it. It's best she should never know."

"And the buoy marks the spot, father?"

"Yes, deary. Govern'm't put the two-fathoms buoy just six fathoms east by south of the place where the ship went down."

That night there came in from the sea one of those series of long mysterious rollers that hint of storms far off on the open ocean. The stars sparkled and quivered as if anxious to speak, and the vast shaft of light from the tower searches round and round the horizon, but found nothing. And the buoy moaned and moaned to itself in the dark,—moaned for the dead secret of the sea.

Mademoiselle Louise Rochet burst upon the hotel at breakfast the next morning in a new and more bewildering costume. Breakfast cakes were neglected and coffee grew cold that feminine eyes might mark, examine, and mentally digest its minutest details. The breakfast-room had not been closed an hour before the natural result appeared. There was a timid knock at Mademoiselle's door, and the maid opened to a young girl.

"Could I see Mademoiselle Rochet?"

Mademoiselle would see the young miss. With some diffidence the girl made her errand known. Was this the Mademoiselle Louise Rochet of Fifth avenue—late of Paris? Yes. Was there any service Mademoiselle could offer? Yes. Mother, that is, Mrs. Van Houton, had a robe. There was to be a hop that night at the hotel. Could Mademoiselle examine it with perhaps a view to its improvement?

Mademoiselle seemed to think for an instant. Should she continue her character of fashionable New York dressmaker or play the lady of leisure? Which would be the best character in which to appear when she met him? She thought of his pride, but only to smile in a curious way at the thought. He had cared nothing for her feelings; why should she consider his? Besides, business brought money, and brought it more easily and abundantly than she had ever dreamed in the days of her poverty in Paris.

With scarcely a perceptible hesitation she said, sweetly, "I shall receive Madame Van Houton with pleasure."

"Our room is No. 65, this floor, and thank you kindly, mademoiselle. Mother will be greatly pleased, I'm sure."

No man has yet been able to understand the process of reasoning by which the feminine mind reaches certain results. Mlle. Rochet had not been seen except at supper and breakfast, and yet it was known to more than half the people in the house that a certain valuable order of mind had arrived. The born dressmaker had appeared. The genius for draping had shed its beneficent light upon them. The masculine mind falls back on the safe proposition that as the waist is gored so is the skirt inclined—and stops. The feminine mind knows better and goes farther. Draping is a mystery, a matter only for superior minds. Within another hour the peasant maid at Mlle. Rochet's door had four times informed anxious inquirers that Mlle. Rochet was engaged at room 65. Thither the pilgrims went to see, admire and discuss. Mrs. Van Houton had secured the prize, but was willing that friends should witness her success.

Mademoiselle gazed thoughtfully at robes, suggested, lightly touched the fabrics here and there, and it was done. Genius when really great rarely works with its hands in this fine art. It suggests, and other and perhaps lower minds buy materials, direct the hands in needle-work, and wear the result with conscious pride. In twenty minutes Mrs. Van Houton's robes had been passed upon, and Mademoiselle, with a mental note of the value of her services, was led away to see other robes. As she examined and commented on dress, she measured women. She soon found just what she wanted,—a society woman with an unruly member. In this lady's dress Mlle. Rochet found much to admire. She politely declined further orders. She would be obliged to stay with the madame in No. 206 till certain very important changes were made. She might even be obliged to do a little stitching herself, as there was no one present with sufficient skill

to do the work. This was, indeed, unexpected condescension, and my lady of No. 206 was proud, flattered, happy, and talkative. The door was closed to all visitors, and genius and its patron sat down together over the momentous affair. Seven distinct head-dresses at once developed in the hotel, and their poor owners declared they would not be well enough to attend the hop that night.

"Mademoiselle had many patrons among society ladies in New York?"

"Yes, very many, the wives of Senators, Judges, and others."

"Indeed! Not the wife of Judge Danella or Judge Chote?"

"No. There was one, perhaps madame may know her, Madame Gearing."

"Oh! you mean Judge Gearing, of the Superior court. She was a Rochelle, married a Mr. Yardstickie, and he died. She must be past forty now, but well preserved."

"I designed two habits for her."

"And I dare say they were not bad."

"I assure Madame they were magnificent. Madame the Judge's wife, Mrs. Gearing you call her, was greatly pleased—charmed. Madame may have observed her habits."

"Well, no. I'm not very well acquainted with Mrs. Gearing. My Milly has met her son."

"Has she a son? He must still be an infant."

"No. It was by her first husband. Milly admires him very much. He's lived abroad some time, studied in Paris, was rather wild there, but of course is quite reformed now."

"Will Mademoiselle the daughter permit me to examine her robes? It is possible I suggest something."

"Milly? Oh, Milly's young. She only came out this spring, and her things don't matter down here. There's nobody here of any consequence. We shall receive this fall for her, and then, if Mademoiselle can design a dress for her, we shall be glad."

"Americans are so strange. What is it to come out?"

"Milly's a debutante. She is now a young lady, and can receive calls from young gentlemen."

"The Judge's son call on her and she so young?"

"Well, no. I couldn't permit that. Of course here at the beach young people must meet in a social way."

"Then the son of the Judge is not what you call attentive to the daughter?"

"You're mistaken about that. Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie is not the son of Judge Gearing. He is the son of the Judge's wife. She hasn't anything, but of course the young man will come in for a share of the Judge's wealth. As for his attentions to Milly, we couldn't allow it—at any rate not till Milly is older, and not unless she was very anxious to marry him."

Mademoiselle seemed to find something deeply interesting in the robe she held upon her lap. There were hard lines about her handsome mouth and a momentary flash in her black eyes, which the voluble patron mistook for the light of genius or the sign of deep thought.

"I think, on the whole, you had better look at one of Milly's dresses. I want her to look well at the hop to-night. As it is Saturday, there will be a good many of the younger men down to spend Sunday."

Mademoiselle, with the sweetest smile imaginable, continued her search for information.

"It will also please young Mr. Yardstickie. All young girls wish to appear well before those who admire them."

"Oh, it's not at all for him. If I thought he was seriously attentive, Milly would not leave her room to-night. We could hardly approve of any attentions just now, after the young man has lost his heart over some commonplace creature at the light."

"The light! What is the light?"

"Hedgehog Light House."

"Oh, the maritime light. I understand. Do women trim such lamps in this country?"

"Dear, no. There's a light-house keeper—a man. Every one is remarking on Mr. Yardstickie's very great interest in such things. He goes over to the light every day, and twice he has been seen in the village with her. I'm sure it's a blessing he went off yesterday on Mr. Manning's yacht, as he will not be at the hop to-night. I haven't a doubt he would disgrace himself by bringing the girl with him. We should never recognize her, if he did."

"Was that a yacht—the beautiful vessel we passed in the steamboat 'evening'?"

"I dare say. Mr. Manning's yacht sailed yesterday. I think Milly said it was only for a few days. She knows somebody who knows the Boylsons, and they are friends of the Mannings."

After a pause, as if in deep thought, Mademoiselle came to the conclusion that nothing more need be done to the robe. A few stitches here and there, and the work would be complete. Could she see the daughter's dress? It was brought out, and Milly was sent for to try it on. The fresh young girl just in from a dip in the sea seemed a vision of girlish loveliness, and Mademoiselle was charmed to meet her. She suggested this and that, and said the robe was already nearly perfect. Just a touch, and it would be magnificent. Mother and daughter were overflowing with voluble gratitude. Milly would be the best-dressed girl at the hop.

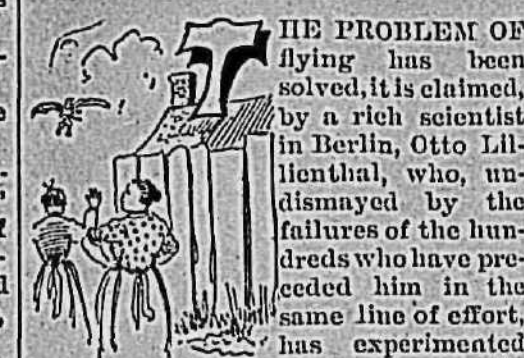
(To be Continued.)

Col. Prince sold thirty-three thoroughbreds at auction at Lexington, Ky., the lot bringing \$17,385. The stock was the property of Oden Howie of Baltimore, Md. Sappho, by Imp. Great Tom, out of Brambleta, fetched \$2,050, and the imported stallion Scorpion, by St. Simon, out of Anemone, was sold for \$3,102.

## FOR HUMAN ANGELS.

### A FLYING MACHINE AT LAST WELL PERFECTED.

Otto Lillenthal, A German Inventor, Comes to the Front With Wings for Everybody—Its Rudder Is Like a Bird's Tail.



THE PROBLEM OF flying has been solved, it is claimed, by a rich scientist in Berlin, Otto Lillenthal, who, undismayed by the failures of the hundreds who have preceded him in the same line of effort, has experimented

until he can now claim, apparently with some reason, to have achieved success.

The Lillenthal theory is that birds do not exercise great power in flying, but keep aloft in the air by the particular way in which they manipulate their wings. Reasoning upon these lines, a flying machine has been constructed upon a variety of angles, designed to catch the air in whatever direction it may come, or from whatever quarter.

The affair is built in almost exact imitation of the wings of a bat; the delicate ribs and body are made of willow wood, which is tough but light; the wings are covered with light sheeting, and when spread they have a circumference of twenty square yards. The entire apparatus weighs forty pounds.

Lillenthal began his trials with the new flying machine from the summit of a turret which rises forty feet from the ground. Adjusting the wings as shown in the accompanying illustration, and seating himself upon the skeleton body of the mechanism, which, unfortunately, must be imagined in the drawing, as the artist has considered it so exceedingly frail as to make it indistinguishable, the inventor pushed himself from the tower top into space, as he would push away a boat from the bank. Working the wings with little effort, the man flutted through the air, finally reaching a height of 200 feet above the surface, and then descended safely.

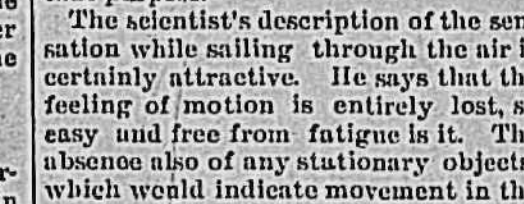
After this experiment, which satisfied him of the practicability of his theory, Mr. Lillenthal resolved to gradually increase the altitude, and for this purpose he went to the steep hill of Rhinow, near Rathenow, which rises to an abrupt height of 350 feet, its side being a stony cliff almost perpendicular. On the top of this hill he built a small tower, making the entire distance from the level 350 feet.

Then he adjusted his flying apparatus and leaped off. Upon his first trial he sank perhaps fifty feet, and then commenced to rise again until he had reached 1,000 feet, and then gradually floated down, alighting gently upon the road.

Repeating his experiments for several days, he eventually reached such perfection that he was able to stand still in the air without moving the wings. He also traveled in circles, steering himself by the appliance which will be noticed in the sketch as a semi-circular attachment, doing the same duty as a rudder as that done by the tail of a bird.

To a moderate degree Mr. Lillenthal appears now to have accomplished the aerial movements of the bird, and it only remains to be seen whether he can sufficiently perfect his system to rise to great heights, or to remain aloft with the same endurance as do the creatures designed by nature for that purpose.

The scientist's description of the sensation while sailing through the air is certainly attractive. He says that the feeling of motion is entirely lost, so easy and free from fatigue is it. The absence also of any stationary objects, which would indicate movement in the



THE FLYING MACHINE.

human being, gives the sensation that the earth, instead of the man himself, is in motion.

Electro-Chemical Effects on Magnetizing Iron.

In the proceedings of the Royal Society, Mr. T. Andrews calls attention to the electro-chemical effects on magnetizing iron. From a long, finely polished rod two steel bars were cut, adjacent, so that they were practically alike in general composition and structure. These bars were both weighed, and then immersed in equal quantities of cupric chloride solution, one of them having previously been magnetized. After a certain time (six to twenty-four hours) they were taken out of the solution, freed from deposited copper and carbonaceous matter, then dried, and again weighed. It was found in every case that the magnetized bar had lost more in weight than the unmagnetized bar. For instance, an average of twenty-nine experiments showed an increase of corrosion in the steel due to magnetic influence of about 3 per cent under the conditions of experiment. It may be mentioned that the bars were not highly magnetized.

The oldest railway in France runs between Paris and Havre. It was built more than half a century ago.

## CASHIER MAY.

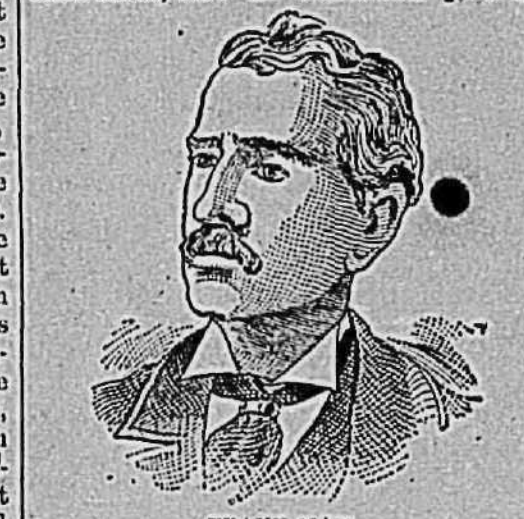
### His Signature Is the Best Known in the World.

The office of chief cashier of the Bank of England dates from the commencement of the bank's business, in July, 1694, and Mr. F. May, latterly so prominently before the public, is the thirteenth in order of succession, but he is already the sixth in order of length of occupancy of the position.

Of his predecessors the shortest reign was that of Thomas Kenrick, the first chief cashier, who for some reason not now known—perhaps overwhelmed by his responsibilities—retired after only twelve days' service! The longest reigns were those of Thomas Madoekes, forty-one and three-fourths years, and of Abraham Newland, twenty-nine and three-fourths years.

The chief cashier may be regarded almost as a head permanent official of a state department, upon whom falls the duty of perpetuating the traditions of a great and historical institution. Mr. May has been instrumental in introducing many reforms, and is well known to be a strong supporter of the policy of adapting, as far as is consistent with safety, the procedure of the Bank of England to the requirements of modern methods of business.

His name is known, most widely, outside the bank and the city, in connection with the issue of Bank of England notes, and an American puts in



his record of a visit to the bank the following note: "A well-known New York banker had given me a letter of introduction to Mr. F. May, cashier of the bank, whose signature, by the way, is better known than that of any other person in the world, for on every Bank of England note is printed a facsimile of his name in his own handwriting, and I may say here, furthermore, that a Bank of England note is the safest piece of paper in the world. Mr. May received me courteously. He is rather a good-looking Englishman, with a high forehead, clear eyes, short, thin, curly hair, a firm mouth and somewhat of the appearance of a student, although he was a famous cricketer in his day and a good all-round cricketer."

### Wanted to Be Unmarried.

A young Polish woman, whose maiden name is unknown, came to her married name, which is Katerowske, appeared at the Camden city hall this morning and asked City Clerk Varney for a divorce. She declared that her husband had unsexedly deceived her and that further union with him was a marital impossibility.

"How long have you been married, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"Since yesterday," came the answer.

"What has occurred to disturb your nuptial joy?"

"Why my husband told me he had \$1,000 in bank, owned any quantity of real estate and was going to let me live in clover. I found on getting home that if there was any clover pasture for me I'd have to find it myself. His stories of bank accounts are fables, pure and simple, while the real estate yarn is a hollow mockery."

Mrs. Katerowske was very indignant when told she could not get a divorce outside the chancery court, which would not grant such a document for the reasons detailed by her.

"Humph!" she ejaculated as she left the hall, "it's very funny that the man that married me can't unmarry me!"—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

### Scientific Training.

Prof. Von Helmholtz, in a recent address to the students of Columbia college in this city, said that the recognized method of scientific work now was collection of knowledge, retention of that knowledge and its communication to mankind. There has been more accomplished by science during the last two centuries than during 2,000 years previously.

Careful observation makes the artist and makes the brilliant scientist. Trace the connection between events and the laws that govern that connection until doing so becomes habitual. Train the mind so that the strongest impressions will be made by the most important events until this also becomes habitual. Following the advice of scientists of the last two centuries and go on by careful, accurate, complete observations to great discoveries and great successes.—Scientific American.

### Whistling Fireworks.

One of the features at the Crystal Palace (London) fireworks display recently was whistling pieces, which in burning give a wild, screaming noise. There is some mystery about how this noise is produced. Messrs. Brook themselves are unable to say, and do not know anybody who can tell them. The firework consists of a stout paper tube 2½ inches in length, and with a bore of about ¾ inch. About 2 inches of this little tube are stuffed with piers of potash, leaving ¾ inch or so empty. When lighted by means of a fuse it does not explode, but burns away with great violence, and with the uncanny shriek which gives the thing its interest. Pyrotechnists have tried many other compositions and many other kinds and forms of tubes, but piers of potash is the only thing that will give anything but the faintest trace of a whistle.

## CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD.

### He Takes a Trip in to Dinner and Makes Him Eat It.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet of the plains, tells a story on himself that will bear repeating, says the Chicago Post. The captain, it may be stated for the information of those who never saw him, is a tall, muscular fellow, who wears his coal black hair down over his shoulders, and presents a striking appearance.

He is as mild a man as over drew breath, with a heart as tender as a woman's, but to a person who does not know him he looks as though he might eat a giant raw every day for breakfast. His tout ensemble is that of the hero of a yellow-backed romance. Well, the captain was on his way to lunch one day when a seedy specimen accosted him with a request for a quarter to buy a meal.

"Indeed, mister, I haven't had a bite to eat for twenty-four hours," he put in appealingly as he saw the long-haired Westerner hesitated.

"I am here on expense, and can't right well spare a quarter, but I am going to get something to eat myself, and if you will come along with me I will give you a square meal."

The man followed sulkily and entered a cheap restaurant, where the captain ordered two big boiled dinners. Being hungry he soon dispatched his own dinner, when he chanced to look over at the mendicant, and was surprised to see the latter nibbling his food daintily, not at all like a hungry man.

"Look here," said the host, leaning over and speaking in a low voice to his guest. "I brought you in here because I believed you were starving. You lied to me. Now I want to say to you if you don't eat every bite of that boiled dinner and polish the platter I'll give you the cusseddest lickin' a white man ever got. Now get to work."

The man obeyed with terror-inspired alacrity and swallowed his corned beef and cabbage like a starving harvest hand. The waiter, who had overheard the captain's threat, told the proprietor of the restaurant and he shook his fat sides as he watched the gastronomic performance of the frightened tramp. When the meal was dispatched the captain called for pudding and ice cream for two.

The fraud gave a great gasp, and throwing up both hands turned beseechingly to the poet with this supplication: "Say, cunnel, let me off this time, won't you? I just got up from a square meal when I met you. It wasn't something to eat I wanted, but something to drink. Please, cunnel, have pity on a fellow, won't you?"

The "cunnel" told the fellow to go and be quick about it or he would kick him through every street in town. No second invitation was needed. The gorged beggar "skated."

When the charitable captain tried to pay his bill the proprietor refused to let him liquidate for the tramp.

"Why not?" asked the astonished gentleman from the far West.

"I pays half dollar for a good laugh any time. You haf giff me a good laugh."

### The Problem of Fireproof Dwellings.

The adaptability of paper is regarded as likely to lead to a solution of the problem of rendering dwellings and business structures fireproof. It is now found that paper can be made perfectly fireproof while remaining amenable to same treatment in the matter of color, polishing and handling as most woods. Such a material offers all of the advantages as an ideal substance for floors, and it can be used equally well for the walls of buildings. Besides this it can be used in the finish and furniture of houses and would unquestionably do much to reduce the peril of fire, against which an insufficient provision is but too often taken.

### Circumstances Alter Cases.

Mrs. Daisy Uppercrest, to maid—Molly, I heard someone kiss you in the dark hall last night.

Maid—Well, you got kissed, too, didn't you?

"Yes; but I am engaged to be married. There is no harm in that."

"I'm glad to know it. He is the same young man you heard kissing me in the hall last night?"—Texas Siftings.

### Cool But Not Collected.

Nervy Canaday—What is it?

Collector—Mr. Olway's bill, sir.

Nervy Canaday—All right; put it right on that file there.

Collector—But he wants the amount.

Nervy Canaday—Twenty-seven dollars and seventy-two cents. Why don't he keep books? Good mornin'.

—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

### Scarcity of Giraffes.

Giraffes have become very scarce since the dervishes seized the basin of the upper Nile. They were once to be bought for about \$700 each; now a good giraffe would fetch over \$5,000. The Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris recently refused to sell three very young ones for \$10,000.

### The Moorish Chief, Tariff.

Tariff was originally the name of a Moorish chief, who having a port in Spain, near Gibraltar, was accustomed to levy toll on passing vessels. His toll became a regularly understood thing, and the amount was added to the price of the goods.

### Graduated Rivalry.

"Fuller, Hall and Clark are rivals."

"Clark is looking happy. Has he gained the grounds?"

"Yes—that is he has just purchased the girl to marry Hall."—Washington.





## KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 60c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

## "August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

## DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice. LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Swamp-Root" saved my life after I had suffered everything but death. I send you my photograph and this description of my case. You can use it if you wish. My hands were as cold as ice; I would not warm them. Dropsical swellings of the lower limbs; I could not button my shoes. Excretion completely exhausted; death seemed so very near. The swellings have gone and all my troubles have disappeared. My health is better now than it has been for years.

"SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME." Mrs. R. J. CURRIER, Jan. 15, 1893. Marietta, Shelby Co., Ind. At Druggists 50c bottle and \$1.00 size. "Swamp-Root" is sold free—Consultation free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y.

Dr. Kilmer's U. & O. Anointment Cures Piles Trial Box Free—At Druggists 50c cents.

## "MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY.

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1893.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.50 per box. Book "To Mothers" free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA.

## MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly; leaving the clinch absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor burr for the rivets. They are STRONG, TIGHT and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform of assortment, put up in boxes. Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c in stamps for a box of 100, assorted sizes. MANUFACTURED BY JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass.

## SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSER'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. 100 Ladies and Bunnies' Monthly, Toledo, Ohio.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma should use PISO'S Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. Price.

The Hawaiian alphabet has twelve letters, while the Turkish is made up of 202 characters.

Should be kept at stables and stock-yards. Salvation Oil is the best friend not only of man but of dumb beasts as well. For scalded joints, strained tendons, old sores, scalds, galls and wounds of all kinds there is no remedy like Salvation Oil. Price 25 cents per bottle.

The oyster is a very nervous animal and dies from a sudden jar, so that a loud thunder-clap will instantly kill a whole boat load.

The testimonials which the mail brings in every day run thus: "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cured the baby of croup." "It cured me of a most distressing cough." or "It cured my little boy of a sore throat." "We could not do without it."

The domestic pets of the world are believed to carry 30 per cent of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

An Extended Popularity. Brown's Bronchial Troches have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

The man who champions everybody's cause has to wait until he dies for his pay.—Acheson Globe.

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and insures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but ask your druggist first.

They can cut diamonds so small in Holland that it takes 1,500 of them to weigh a carat.

The Puzzle Solved. Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most noxious and disgusting. The flesh is hard to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the many modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm four years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

M. Paderewski, when he is at the keyboard, earns money at about the rate of \$18 a minute.

Nebraska's the State For the man who rents an Illinois farm. In Nebraska he can buy a farm for the same money he now pays every two years for rent.

Land renters who want to become land owners should write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb., for "Great Opportunities in Nebraska." It's a check full of valuable information. And it's free.

Home Seekers' Excursion via the M. K. & T. Railway.

On Jan. 9, 1894, the M. K. & T. railway will have on sale from all its northern gateways tickets to all points in the state of Texas, at rate of one fare for the round trip. These tickets are limited to 30 days from date of sale and will permit a stop-over on the going trip at any point in the state of Texas, only within the final limit.

This is your opportunity to secure a home in the sunny south, where lands are cheap and harvests plentiful.

O. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Which Will You Be. A farm renter or a farm owner? It rests with yourself.

If you stay where you are, you'll be a renter all your life. But if you move to Nebraska, where good land is cheap and cheap land is good, you can easily become an owner.

Write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb., for descriptive pamphlet. It's free, and a postal will bring it to you.

"Banish Fruit and Flowers." The Midwinter International Exposition will be held in San Francisco beginning on January 1, 1894, and continuing six months.

The climatic feature, the commercial situation of San Francisco, the fact that the city is the natural distributor of the products of the greatest agricultural state in the Union, the character of its surrounding population, engaged in pursuits more diversified than those of any other section of the United States or the world, embracing mining, cattle raising, fancy stock breeding, wool growing, manufacturing, agriculture in all its branches and fishing, ought to insure a great success for this enterprise.

Greatly reduced rates to all California points and to Portland, Ore., via the Union Pacific. For full particulars regarding rates call on or address any ticket agent, or

E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

California Excursion. The Great Central Route weekly excursions to California via the Union Pacific are a sure thing.

Time, trouble and expense saved by joining one of these parties. Passage may be taken at any point between Chicago and Ogden, Utah.

For full information call on or address E. L. LOMAX, Manager, 101 South Clark street, or your nearest Union Pacific agent.

E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt., Omaha, Neb.

Apples were originally brought from the east by the Romans. The crab apple is indigenous to Great Britain.

Ely's Cream Balm Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Always Relieves Pain and Inflammation, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sore.

Apply Balm into each nostril, ELY-BROS., 16 Warren St., N. Y.

ARE YOU A CATHOLIC?

Are you unemployed? Will you work for \$18 per week? Write to me at once.

J. R. GAY, 56 Fifth Av., Chicago.

Patents, Trade-Marks.

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide" or "How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

At 1/2 Price

Walton, Gray, Higgins, Harter, Sewing Machines, Organs, Bicycles, and Toys. Sales, etc., Ltd. 1112 N. CHICAGO ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

## THE BURGLAR AT WORK

HOW HE COAXES OPEN THE MODERN BANK SAFE.

Sometimes the Modern Burglar is a Scientist. Whole Cavernous is Quite Superior to Every Kind of Protection.—Nitro-Glycerine.

The square door is generally held in position when closed by eight round bolts of one and a half inches in diameter. These are shot from behind the door across the joint to the rear of the jamb of the door, and the strength of the door-jamb to resist being torn out is the maximum strength of the safe to resist the quiet but forcible eloquence of the burglarious visitor. The second, or round, class of doors are built of plates similar to those of the safe, and generally have a coarse thread cut on their periphery, the door being served into the safe. The square doors are generally more open to persuasion than the other kind.

In opening a modern bank safe the burglar puts up the entire joint or casing except for about an inch at top and bottom, says the Boston Herald.

A wall of putty is then formed about the top crack, where it is uncovered, and two and a half or three ounces of nitro-glycerine poured into it. If the safe is not protected by felt or rubber, it will require but three or four minutes for the glycerine to distribute itself over the entire joint of the door and grip out at the lower crack. An ordinary detonating cap, such as is used in exploding dynamite, is inserted in the upper well and the fuse lit. When the explosion occurs the door comes off. When the operation takes place in the vault there is rarely any noise more than fifty feet away.

The burglar does not carry nitro-glycerine with him. He goes to a hardware store and buys a few pounds of dynamite, which he breaks up in a convenient vessel, as a wash-basin, covers with alcohol, and allows it to stand until the glycerine has all combined with it. The alcohol and glycerine are then poured off, and an equal amount of water is added; the water and the alcohol combine, and the nitro-glycerine sinks to the bottom, where it is ready for use.

A bank in a Western state had its safe located within ten feet of the street window, thus making it visible to everyone who passed. In front of the safe at night burned an arc light, while the safe door was arranged so that its opening would ring a bell in the cashier's sleeping apartments by means of an electric connection. After banking hours the burglar called on the occupants, representing himself as an inspector of electric light company, thus gaining access to the top of the building, where he short-circuited the electric wires and thus prevented the ringing of the cashier's bell.

That night after the street cars stopped running, the burglar out the trolley wire at two points about six hundred feet apart. Taking one end of the piece between two buildings and placing it in a cistern, the other end was connected to the electric wire, thus making a "ground" and putting out the arc lights in the bank. The safe was then opened in less than twenty minutes with nitro-glycerine and several thousand dollars taken.

The chrome steel, of which the safe and "quits of banks are now largely built, is easily drilled by first heating the steel. A basket of wire netting is made to cover a space of about six or eight inches square, and this is wired to the side of the safe or door. It is filled with charcoal, which is ignited and a fierce heat generated by a pair of bellows. In four or five minutes the basket is removed and the heated spot allowed to cool. It may then be drilled or cut like ordinary boiler iron. Once a hole sufficiently large to admit a man's arm was cut through a chrome-steel bank safe four inches thick in four hours, so that a man's arm was passed through and the locking bolts disconnected with a wrench. In a little less than two hours a smaller hole was cut through the back of the safe into the money vault and its contents taken out through the hole.

The large vault door behind which the safe is placed is rarely blown with glycerine. It is generally opened by drilling a two or three-inch hole between the handle and the combination lock. This cuts off the locking bolt, and the door opens when the handle is turned. Safes with round doors which are served in are often opened experimentally by building a wall of putty at the upper part of the joint and exploding about a teaspoonful of glycerine on the outside, the result being to cut out the top of the outer plate of metal.

A large wall, embracing the cupped portion, is then made, and two ounces of glycerine placed therein, which feeds around the threads in about ten minutes, tearing the door and part of the frame out when exploded. One round door is mentioned, which was found to be so tight in the threads that glycerine would not flow. This was opened by first cupping out the inside plate, as just explained, and pouring half a teaspoonful of glycerine into the opening. This soon passed down the joint between the plates, and when exploded brought off the outside plate and some of the screws holding it in place.

Glycerine being introduced into these holes and exploded brought off the second plate, and this process was continued until in twenty minutes the entire door was wrenched from the floor in pieces. The most expeditious mode of winking out round

doors is said to be to drill an inch-hole all but through the edge of the door and safe, and to explode glycerine in this hole. In this way the joints between the plates of the safe and door are opened out so that the explosion of a few ounces of glycerine in the crevices will bring out the whole door at once.

## HUNT OF THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

Renewed Day by Day Until Hope Deferred Marketh the Heart Sick.

Not all the people who haunt the capitol are office-seekers, but a goodly proportion of them are, says the Washington Star. They come from all sections of the country and represent all classes of society. Of all the great concourse that streams through the corridors of the vast building day after day the office-seekers are the most forlorn looking. They importune their senators and representatives over and over again, and refuse to be turned from the phantom they are pursuing. Before congress meets every day the general reception room to the south of the senate chamber is full to crowding with those waiting to send in their cards to senators.

A majority of these are after office, either for themselves or for relatives or friends. By the time the invocation of the chaplain is finished the bits of cardboard begin to fall in showers upon the desks of the statesmen. These gentlemen do not have time to go through their mail before they are interrupted by callers. The visitors hand their cards to one or the other of the numerous doorkeepers and assistants and retire to the great leather covered chairs and sofas scattered around the reception room to await the result. It is a noticeable fact that women largely predominate in these waiting and anxious throngs about the senate entrances. Perhaps it is thought that their earnest solicitude will more favorably and deeply impress the men who are supposed to control the dispensation of official favors. They are of all ages, appearances and conditions. The fashionable society woman elbows her more humble sister of the work-a-day world, and blushing, diffident young girls sit and wait by the side of aged, infirm women in the seat and yellow felt. Silk rustles against the simple garb of the humble poor, and beauty smiles into the face of decrepit age. Many of them wait long and patiently without reward. Their senator is "not in," or he is "engaged," or he sends word, "please call again." And the recipient of the message goes away with a heavy heart and a troubled countenance, to come again in a few days and try it all over.

## NOTES AND NOTIONS.

One pound of cork is amply sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

Kane, the Arctic traveler, was carried 700 miles by dogs at the speed of seven miles an hour.

There are forty-eight distinct diseases of the eye. No other organ of the human body has so many.

A new steel of extraordinary qualities is reported to be discovered by a Japanese named Yamana Hanhojyo.

The agricultural capital of Europe has doubled since 1840; that of the United States has increased over six-fold.

Four tramps took possession of a Santa Fe dining car at Riverside, Cal., the other day and helped themselves to provisions.

Amber, often classed among gems, is a fossil product. Most of the specimens inclosing insects are manufactured from gum copal.

The law which makes capital punishment in New York death by electricity went into effect in 1890. Since it has become operative eighteen murderers have been electrocuted.

## ALLEGED WITTICISMS.

"Waiter, it is almost half an hour since I ordered that turtle soup!" Walter—Sorry, sir, but you know how slow turtles are.

"Do you think, Schmidt, that your affection for fraulein is reciprocated?" "I really can't say. I am loving her at present on credit."

"Why don't you strike the man across the street for a quarter?" Raggs—I've been waitin' for two hours to see if he won't come over this way.

"Tommy," said Mr. Waters, "isn't that a pretty big buckwheat cake for a boy of your size?" "It looks big," said Tommy, "but really it isn't. It's got lots of porousses in it."

Girl at the Central—Just wait a second; somebody's telephoning for an ambulance. Man at the Telephone—What for? Girl at Central—Man run over by another ambulance.

Princeling, opening the shooting match—Donnewetter, I have gone too far to the left? Gamekeeper—Oh, not at all, your highness—the target is fixed too much to the right.

A—I can not understand why you shed tears at the theater last night. I was one of the most wretched performers I ever saw. B—Yes, but I was fool enough to pay for my ticket.

Ile—Janette, I'm afraid you are a vain little wife. You gaze into your mirror so much. She—You oughtn't to blame me for that. I haven't your advantage. Ile—What's that? She—You can see my face without looking into a mirror.

I am not expecting any package," said the lady of the house. "This is the number," persisted the driver of the delivery wagon, looking at his book again. "Name's Higgins, ain't it?" "Yes." "No. 374?" "That's your number." "Then it's for you."

"I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity." "No man. It's a case of beer."

## IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder

use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

"We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others."—United Cooks and Pastry Cooks Association of the United States.

### How soon a house becomes dirty as soon as a woman goes away!

See Colchester Spading Boots in other column.

### Never argue with a woman, if you do not want her to hate you forever.

### Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures the most dangerous form of Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c, 50c, & \$1.00.

### When we are patient with some people it is only a successful pretense.

### Hegeham's Chamber Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

### No woman is bold enough to appear on the streets without puffed sleeves.

### Nervous and bilious disorders, sick headaches, indigestion, loss of appetite and constipation removed by Beecham's Pills.

### The other women always say that a good-looking woman paints and powders.

### If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

### The average supply of fish at Billingsgate Market, London, is 10,000 tons a month.

### Farm Renters May Become Farm Owners.

If they move to Nebraska before the price of land climbs out of sight. Write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington route, Omaha, Neb., for free pamphlet. It tells all about every thing you need to know.

### The world's supply of diamonds is twenty times greater than it was thirty years ago.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

### We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent by circular free.

### F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

### A FARMER of County Wexford, Ireland, recently died from the effects of contact with animals suffering from anthrax on his farm. A man in his employ was at last accounts, hopelessly ill from the same cause.

### A Salt Lake.

In the extreme eastern edge of Arizona there is a great salt lake in a bowl-like depression, the sink itself being some hundreds of feet deep and three miles across. The basin, all the portion of it not taken up by the lake, is dazzling white with millions upon millions of salt crystals. In the center of the lake rises what appears to be a cone-shaped volcanic peak. Should you take the trouble to ford the lake you will find a miniature lake in the middle of the peak clear as crystal.

### \$10,000,000 an Acre.

Several lots in Cornhill, London, in the immediate neighborhood of the Bank of England, were sold several days ago at a price that averaged \$250 per foot, or something over \$10,000,000 an acre. Several neighboring lots of equal size were offered for sale some weeks ago, and were bought in by the owner at a price considerably higher.

### Kentucky Justice.

In a libel suit recently tried in a Kentucky court the plaintiff complained that the defendant had charged him with "destruction of the vineyard." The court was inclined to think this was meant to convey the impression that the plaintiff had been paving up the earth, a charge that it did not regard as libelous.

### THE HEART

is liable to great functional disturbance through sympathy. Dyspnoea, or indigestion, often causes a palpitate in a distressing way. Nervous Prostration, Debility and Improvised Blood, also cause its too rapid pulsations. Many times, Spinal Affections, cause it to labor unduly. Sufferers from such Nervous Affections often imagine themselves the victims of organic heart disease.

### ALL NERVOUS DISEASES, as Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Epilepsy, or Fits, St. Vitus's Dance, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Melancholia and Kindred Affections, are treated as a specialty, with great success, by the Staff of the Invalids' Hotel. For Pamphlet, References, and Particulars, enclose 10c, in stamps for postage.

### Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

### W. N. U. CHICAGO, Vol. IX, No. 1.

## FOR SORENESS OR STIFFNESS FROM COLD, USE ST. JACOBS OIL. IT RELAXES, SOOTHES, HEALS, CURES.

## "COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOTS

## ARE THE BEST

Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Double sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY. Thousands of Rubber Boot wearers testify this is the best they ever had. Ask your dealer for them and don't be persuaded into an inferior article.

### THE JUDGES OF WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

Have made the

### HIGHEST AWARDS

(Medals and Diplomas) to

### WALTER BAKER & CO.

On each of the following named articles:

BREAKFAST COCOA, . . . .  
Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . . . .  
Vanilla Chocolate, . . . .  
German Sweet Chocolate, . . . .  
Cocoa Butter, . . . .

For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform even composition."

WALTER BAKER & CO., DORCHESTER, MASS.  
Solely used in Thompson's Eye Water.

### ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R.

By the way of New Orleans, is the ONLY TRUE WINTER ROUTE To California. Tourist tickets

### TO CALIFORNIA VIA NEW ORLEANS

Are now on sale via the Central Route and include stop-over privileges at New Orleans and points west, such as Houston, San Antonio and El Paso. On tourist tickets

### TO FLORIDA POINTS VIA NEW ORLEANS

Stop-overs are given at New Orleans and the Mexican Gulf Coast resorts of Day St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi, Ory, Biloxi and Ocean Springs, as well as at Mobile, Pensacola and Tallahassee. Tickets and further information can be had of ticket agents of the I. C. R. R. and connecting lines or J. A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.



## THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.  
ESTABLISHED SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.  
TOTALLY DESTROYED BY FIRE, MARCH 30, 1891.  
OUT ON TIME APRIL 2, 1891.

J. J. BURKE, Pub.  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
From the Press of The Antioch News.

Where the P. O. address of a subscriber has been changed and no notice of the same received at this office we will in no manner be responsible for the safe delivery of their paper until they have enabled us to make the proper corrections on our books by furnishing their change of address.

Subscribers who for any reason fail to receive their paper regularly should at once communicate the fact to this office, giving in addition to their name their P. O. address in full.

### NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

As we wish to devote our entire time to news items, up to the hour of going to press on Wednesday, hereafter all changes required to be made on that day, in standing advertisements, in display type, will be charged for at the rate of 15 cents per double column inch, for the space occupied. Reading notices, 15 cents per single column inch. All other days changes are made free of cost.  
J. J. BURKE, Publisher.  
Antioch, March 1st, 1893.

When congress convenes after the holidays this country will expect its representatives to get down to business and give us some kind of a tariff law, good or bad.

The finding of the jury in the Prendergast trial for the murder of Carter Harrison, will be heartily approved by all law abiding people who oppose bonifizing cranks.

Colonel Breckinridge, the assailed dove of the blue grass region, asks a further suspension of judgment until his trial comes off. The history of jurisprudence fully warrants the confidence with which he throws his good name on the law's delays.

The Corbett-Mitchell fight, which was to take place at Jacksonville, Florida, this month promises to be an interesting affair, as Florida's popular governor says he will take a hand in the scuffle. If he does it will be "good bye" prize fighting in this country.

Some of our exchanges are eternally harping on the stealing of news items without giving proper credit. It appears to us that an item of news, after it has been published, is public property and hardly worth republishing in any progressive paper that aims to give its readers other than second hand news.

It is asking, "when did I and McVeagh fight in the trenchell, maybe they fought as VanAllen knows a thing or two. Sixty-sand reputable citizens of Chicago need the president for a poor man but any reputable democrats petitioned McVeagh and VanAllen?

IN P. HOPKINS was inaugurated mayor of Chicago last week and in his inaugural address he promised to make many reforms, especially in the police department, which he thinks should be disconnected from any political party. Good vice, he said, should insure promotion and suspensions should only be made for use.

The Elgin Diet is responsible for another of those nonsensical prayers that are making the rounds of the democratic press. This time of course the prayer is offered up to McKinley. It is about time that reputable journals tabooed such nonsense and let the cranks who have nothing better to occupy their time with, go out in the woods and pray.

The city of Omaha has on hand a genuine sensation in the shape of two human bodies that were packed in a box and left with the Pacific Express Company for shipment to a town in Iowa, the man leaving the box claiming it contained stationery. The police authorities are keeping the matter quiet in hopes of gaining some clew to the mystery.

From the very beginning of this republic the policy of annexation has been the policy of the democratic party. Perhaps we are all wrong. Perhaps our theory of government is false. Perhaps we would be better off with a king or queen, but until we come to that conclusion we should not set ourselves to work to put a king or queen over other people.

The School Children's Aid Society has been doing a great work in Chicago toward clothing and educating those who were destitute and unable to attend the public schools. When the society was first organized it had \$2.00 at its disposal but since the good their efforts do has been realized contributions have been coming in freely and now the society is able to furnish all deserving applicants with assistance.

PENDERGAST, the slayer of Carter H. Harrison, late mayor of Chicago, was found guilty of murder in the first degree and will hang. The Chicago dailies depict a pitiful scene in the court room when the jury announced their verdict. There is no doubt in the minds of all clear headed men that Pendergast is a crank, but the shrewdness that he showed in making his way to the police station after firing the fatal shot, and the adroit manner in which he questioned witnesses who were called for

the state, all go to show that he was far from being insane. The verdict, as found by the jury, is just and right and as it should be.

### THE NEW AND OLD.

The year 1893 has now passed into history as a thing of the past, and standing as we do upon the threshold of the new year, with all its possibilities and probabilities yet unfolded, it may be well to briefly review the past and see if the year just closed has been as productive of good results as was anticipated a year ago to-day.

On the fourth day of March 1893 Grover Cleveland was inaugurated president of these United States, and the reins of government, executive and legislative turned over to the democratic party, a party of great promise and little practice, whose wonderful theories of economy and finance would revolutionize the order of things, and relieve the poor and distressed from the unjust burden of taxation, under the then existing tariff laws. Some ten months have rolled by on the fleeting wings of time, and the only relief the poor laboring man has yet had is relief from charitable societies and from the burden of work—in fact he cannot find any work, so completely has the democratic party revolutionized the order of things; but relief from the burden of unjust taxation is as mythical a problem as it was on the fourth day of March 1893.

Without dwelling upon the cause that has led up to such a result, it is safe to say that the year 1893 has recorded more business failures than any of its predecessors for the past twenty-five years, and the cause lies deeper than the surface, and is directly traceable to the want of confidence in the wisdom of the tariff laws liable to be passed by the present democratic congress under the dictatorship of President Cleveland.

The great Columbian Exposition at Jackson Park will live in history as about the only notable enterprise inaugurated during 1893 that was not a failure. What the year 1894 may bring forth none can tell but under the dark financial clouds of 1893 we see no sunlight beyond.

### THE "DEVIL'S" DREAM.

His Vision of the Dying Year—It had but One Desire Unfulfilled, with which the "Devil" is Charged to Perform.

Everybody had left the office but the "devil," who sat moodily in his corner, building castles in the air and chiding of the pleasures he would enjoy when he should become an editor. The hour was drawing nigh when he could retire from his labors when a slow, laboring tread resounded in the outer hall. The "devil" sprang to his feet ready to distinguish himself in the absence of his peers. He had scarcely made preparations to receive the new comer when a heavy hand raised the latch and the door swung open to admit one of the strangest figures that it had ever been the "devil's" lot to meet. The bent figure of an old man, gray and wrinkled, stepped across the threshold and seated himself unceremoniously in a chair near the editor's desk. The "devil" fell back in his chair and sat spellbound, waiting for the stranger to make known his wants. It was some time before the aged patriarch raised his head to view his surroundings. He turned and gazed slowly from one object to another till at last his cold and withering glance fell upon the shivering form of the "devil" who had not yet regained possession of his faculties. A weird and solemn smile passed over the features of the old man. He gazed for a moment at the shrinking form in the chair before him, then in a quavering, wailing like voice, which seemed to wake the echoes from every corner of the room and reverberated through the garret above, he announced himself thus: "I am the dying year." Here he paused as if for response, but the "devil" could neither speak or in any way make it known that he had heard the words spoken to him. The pause was only of a moment's duration. "My race is nearly finished," continued the stranger, "I have accomplished many things during my short stay. The World's Fair has been carried to a successful issue, Grover Cleveland has been inaugurated president." At the mention of Cleveland's name the spirit of the "devil" was aroused and he was about to hurl back a bombardment of words not commendatory to Grover, but the stranger anticipated his thoughts motioned him to be silent and continued: "Hopkins has been elected mayor of Chicago and many other events too numerous to mention have occurred during my reign. But still there is one boon I would ask, which, as the undertaking establishments are closed, cannot be performed during my stay. 1894 is already pushing me over the precipice into the valley of by-gone years. I charge you to carry out the undertaking, which, were the hours of my stay unlimited, I would see performed in the natural course of events." At this point in his harangue the form of the old man began to vanish, but with a mighty effort these last words came forth from his lips, "Go buy ye a coffin for the village of Libertyville." The form now seemed to pass into nothingness. At this point the "devil" fell from his chair with a dull thud, which brought his faculties back to him in an instant. All was dark. He struck a match and looked at the clock. It was two minutes past midnight, January 1st, 1894. He had actually gone to sleep without his supper.

"THE DEVIL."

THE CARRIERS OF THE DAILY REGISTER had a neat New Years address with which they called on their subscribers New Years.

Miss Nellie Ormsby, of Warren, and Hiram Young, son of Dr. Young, of Rosecrans, were married Christmas. The bride is well known in Waukegan.

Postmaster Murry reports that the Christmas business through the postoffice was only about half that of last year, showing the condition of people's pocketbooks.

Edgar Vose has reached California but has not been there long enough to give his friends his opinion of the country. He is a son-in-law of Harry Mallory of this city.

Peter Hasbrock was to have had a hearing Friday morning before Justice Heath on a charge of stealing a harness, but the hearing was continued on request of the defendant's attorney.

## Waukegan Department.

IDA M. FENKELL, Manager,  
317 GRAND AVENUE,  
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.

Miss Fenkell is authorized to receive Subscriptions, orders for advertising, or Job Printing, also to collect and receipt for same, until otherwise notified. J. J. BURKE, Pub.

### COUNTY SEAT NEWS.

County court convened Monday.

Waukegan merchants are invoicing.

Ed. J. Heydecker returned Thursday from a western trip.

Mrs. Stephen Drew, mother of Walter Drew, is very sick.

Mr. L. B. Easton and wife have been here visiting friends.

The U. S. express company did more Christmas business this year than last.

Miss Emma Barnstable, of Evanston, spent Christmas with her sister Mrs. R. J. Hull.

It is thought that Mr. McClannahan will take the office of postmaster about January 15th.

Some of the merchants are employing less clerks, thinking that trade will be dull for a few weeks.

Postmaster Murry was presented with a beautiful gold headed cane by the carriers and clerks of the postoffice.

Fred Alden, of this city, has been engaged to play at the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, with the Iowa state band.

The carriers of the Daily Register had a neat New Years address with which they called on their subscribers New Years.

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Lois G. Bilharz died in this city December 20th, 1893, aged 14 years. She was the youngest daughter of Mrs. Sarah Bilharz. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon from the Congregational church.

A number of carpenters are putting the roof on the new Presbyterian church. It is nearly ready for the plasterers and for the furnace to be put in. The indications are that the church will be completed March 1st as agreed in the contract.

Andrew Gartley met with an accident Saturday afternoon by being thrown from his carriage. The axle broke and threw the wheel off, causing the horse to run away. The horse was not caught until the carriage was badly broken. Mr. Gartley received injuries that will lay him up for a few days.

Masquerade parties are quite the thing in Waukegan and they do not always mean dancing parties. The young people of the Christian church had a masquerade party at the home of Miss Minnie Reynolds, Friday evening, which they greatly enjoyed. The same evening a mask party was given at Slyfield's hall. The costumes were pretty and dancing was indulged in by a large number of young people.

Axel Carlson was arrested in Chicago Thursday night and brought to Waukegan jail. He stole ninety dollars of a room mate named John Anderson, last March. Carlson was not suspected and both men worked at the Wire Works as usual. Finally Carlson told a friend that he had stolen the money and the friend told it. At the hearing Friday morning before Justice Heath, he confessed the crime and was bound over to the grand jury.

## A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

The Terrible Night and Day Passed on the Northern Icebergs.

A sailing brig, immersed in the densest fog and driven by the gale, was running down a narrow lane or opening in the ice, when the shout of breakers ahead and the crash of the bows upon a reef came in the same moment. The crew sprang overboard upon the heaving ice-field, and almost immediately saw their strong and beautiful vessel sink into the ocean. The adventure is related in: "After Icebergs with a Painter."

Without food or extra clothing the forty men were remote from all help. To the west lay the precipitous shores of Cape Bonavista, and for this, the nearest land, in single file, with Capt. Knight at their head, the men commenced at sunset their dreiful and almost hopeless march.

All night, without refreshment or rest, they went stumbling and plunging on their perilous way, now and then sinking into the slush between the ice-cakes, and having to be drawn out by their companions. But for their leader and a few other bold spirits, the party would have sunk down with fatigue and despair, and perished.

At daybreak they were still on the rolling ice-fields, beclouded with fog, and with nothing in prospect but the terrible cape and its solitary chance of deliverance. Thirsty, famished and worn, they toiled on, more and more slowly, all the morning, all the forenoon, all the afternoon; and then, bewildered and lost in a dreadful cloud traveling along parallel with the coast, the poor fellows passed the cape without knowing it.

The captain looked back from time to time on the worn-out and suffering line of men, the last of them scarcely visible in the mist, and a thrill of discouragement passed over him. Unless there was some change in their prospects, he knew that few of them would live out another night on the ice. They had shouted until they were hoarse, and looked into the endless gray until they had no heart for looking longer.

Suddenly, just before sundown, they came to a vessel. A few rods to the right or left, and they must have missed it. "We were led by the hand of Providence," said Capt. Knight, in telling the story.

### PECULIARITIES IN MASSAGE.

The Differences of Temperature Caused by Friction of the Skin.

Light friction of a part reduces surface temperature, says the New York Ledger. In ten experiments on healthy adults, whose armpit temperatures on both sides was equal, and whose free temperature on the surface of both forearms was before massage eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit or more, it was found, on subjecting the left forearm to gentle upward friction, that, whilst the temperature in both armpits and in the untouched free surface of the opposite limb remained constant, the temperature of the left forearm fell in all cases more than two degrees, and in three cases nearly four degrees. After firm friction, rolling, squeezing and kneading of the skin of the limb in all cases, the free cutaneous temperature rose to ninety-five degrees; but the armpit temperature remained the same on both sides, whilst in seven cases an interesting phenomenon was noticed on the opposite side—viz., the right limb sensibly perspired and the free surface temperature of the untouched forearm fell to eighty-four degrees during the time that the firm friction of the left limb was in progress. In regard to light friction, it has been impossible to detect any effect on the patient's sense of locality or on the temperature sense. After firm friction of a part, for five minutes comes a decided increase of the sense of touch, and the sense of locality has, in most instances, been apparently improved.

### IGNORANT SPIRITS.

They Had Not Kept Up with the Latest Obituary News.

A friend relates to me an incident that occurred on the evening of the day when the news of the death of Preston S. Brooks came to Massachusetts, says the Boston Herald. It was at a spiritualistic exhibition held in the town of North Bridgewater, now the city of Dorchester. A committee of citizens had been chosen from the audience to sit at the table on the platform with the medium to ask questions, and otherwise represent the audience, in the interest of candid investigation. Jacob W. Crosby, a well-known citizen, was one of the committee. He was to do the questioning. After a few introductory inquiries, to which replies were made by the regulation one, two or three raps, Mr. Crosby astounded the spirit world by the query: "Is the spirit of Preston S. Brooks present?"

"There was no reply and the question was repeated. Then there were some hesitating raps at the table, but it could not be determined whether the answer was in the affirmative or the negative.

"You know that I am dead, don't you?" shouted the com. mitteeman. The answer by raps was now distinctly "no."

"Well, he is, the old Gal!" yelled "Uncle Jake," who was wrought up to great excitement, as he struck the table with his ponderous fist; "and you had better make a note of it."

The Young Idiot. The reasoning of old Alden is frequently based on imperious knowledge. "What on earth was that whistle blowing for all night?" asked a girl of twelve years of her mother on a sound steamer. "That is a foghorn, my dear," was the reply. The little girl, of course, wanted to know what a fog horn was, and her mother explained that when there was a heavy fog on the water, a whistle was blown while the vessel was making its way through the fog. "But why?" young inquirer. "I should anybody could see there was a fog, why blow a whistle?" "Well, if they want to look at it, mother sighed and gave it up.

## FREE!

For a Short time we are going to boom and advertise our business by giving to every purchaser of \$15 WORTH OF GOODS a Fine Table Lamp. To those purchasing \$25 worth we are going to give a Hanging Lamp.

### ... BEST OF ALL ...

I have but recently purchased a Fine Music Box, one that plays ten tunes. This box is on exhibition at my store. To every one who purchases \$5 worth of goods, and upon asking, I will show them a new novelty that I am now introducing for the first time.

D. SUGAR, DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes,

AND HARDWARE,

LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.

1875. EIGHTEEN YEARS YOU HAVE KNOWN 1893.

THE OLD BANKING FIRM OF

DAN HEAD & COMPANY,

Kenosha, Wisconsin.

It is with pride and pleasure that we are still

IN THE BANKING BUSINESS

Willing to forgive and forget the money that "you" took out of this

that and the other Bank. Bring it in and deposit it in

DAN HEAD & COMPANY'S BANK,

and if we can see our way clear we may see proper to date your certificates back on all money withdrawn from this Bank.

We are paying 3 per cent per annum on all money remaining 6 months.

4 per cent per annum on money remaining 2 years. Interest however is paid every six months

Good Real-estate Mortgages netting 6 per-cent per annum

For sale at all times in sums to suit all persons.

We have for sale good City 5 per-cent Bonds. Good Mfg 6 per-cent Bonds.

Now unload that old Stocking, remove all that money you have under that Carpet, and either send or bring in this money that you withdrew from the Banks, and deposit it in D. H. & Co's Bank. In doing this we can loan to the Manufacturing Firms and this will allow them to start up and give work to thousands. In keeping this money in your homes you are bidding for Robbery and Murder. You can't tell what night you will be called upon to give up your money, and maybe your life. Thousands and thousands of good, honest men and women are Starving and you are to blame.

DELAY NOT

But open a Bank acct. with

Dan Head & Co.

A. P. AMES,

DEALER IN

HARDWARE, TIN WARE,

BARB WIRE AND BUILDERS SUPPLIES,

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Calcimine, etc. New Process Gasoline stoves,

FARM MACHINERY, PLOWS, BUGGIES, CARTS,

WIND MILLS, HARNESS, PUMPS ETC,

Milk Cans Our Specialty

ANTIOCH, ILL.

ANY THING NOT IN STOCK PROMPTLY ORDERED.

No trouble to show goods, I am here to sell and all I ask is an opportunity to show my machinery and make prices. Call and see me.

OLD ELK

BOURBON & PURE RYE

Shipped pure and unadulterated direct from the distillery. Pronounced a pure and wholesome tonic-stimulant by the medical fraternity everywhere. Gives life, strength and happiness to the weak, sick, aged and infirm.

If you cannot procure it of your druggist or liquor dealers, upon receipt of \$1.50 we will express prepaid to any address a full quart sample bottle of Old Elk Rye or Bourbon.

STOLL, VANNATTA & CO., DISTILLERS,

Lexington, Ky.

J. H. S. LEE,

SURVEYOR,

AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

OFFICE IN NEW BANK BUILDING,

Box 811. Waukegan, Ills.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE

is 10 to 12 inches high, pickets 2 1/2 and 3 inches apart. Best yard and lawn fence made. Sold by the hardware dealer. Write for circular.

DE KALB FENCE CO., DE KALB, ILL.

FOR SALE BY—

A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

## BEN HAMLIN,

Wagon and Carriage Repairing,

Tank and Boat Building.

I am prepared to attend to all work in the above line at reasonable prices.

Lake Villa, Ill.

Schad & Thorn,

Dealers in

STOVES, SHEET IRON,

Tin & Copper-Ware,

Pumps, Pipes, & Fittings.

We make a Specialty of

MILK CANS.

We are at all times prepared to furnish anything in the line of tinware, including

Have-troughs and Gutters.

The Shop is in charge of H. B. Schad, who is a practical tinner, and prepared to do

GENERAL REPAIR WORK

PROMPTLY AND AT LOWEST RATES.

Call in and inspect our stock, and, when you need anything in our line, remember we are here to sell and will not be undersold.

SNOW WEST OF DEPOT,

Lake Villa, Illinois.

ADULTERATED WINE

is injurious, but nothing gives strength and tones up the stomach like a pure old port wine. "Royal Ruby Port" is called for its royal taste and ruby color, is on account of its purity, age and strength, particularly adapted for invalids, convalescents and the aged. Sold only in bottles (never in bulk) while cheap wine is sold by the gallon and gives a larger profit to the seller but less to the user. This wine is absolutely pure, and has the age without which no wine is fit to use. Be sure you get "Royal Ruby" quart bottles \$1, pints 50 cts. Sold by

Druggists everywhere.



## ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

1804 now.

Don't forget and date your letters 1803.

G. R. Olcott and wife spent New Years in Chicago.

Now that the holidays are over kindly remember the printer.

Joseph Haycock and daughter visited in Chicago several days last week.

Dora Simons has been sick for the past week and at present is still confined to the house.

Mrs. T. J. Holloman is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Emmons and other relatives here. Mrs. Holloman arrived Wednesday morning.

Dr. Williamson has been preaching to the people of Antioch this week from the Methodist pulpit. The church is well filled with people every evening.

Several of our Antioch musicians attended the concert given by Prof. Straub's class at Millburn Saturday evening. They report it as being a brilliant success.

There will be a lecture and musical entertainment at the Wilton opera house, on the evening of January 20th, to close with a social dance. Particulars later.

We have added quite a number of names to our list since we published our clubbing rates. Remember that you can get good and cheap reading matter by coming to the News office and looking over our list.

We regret to learn that Miss Irene Kennedy, daughter of George H. Kennedy, died at the home of her parents on Monday last and was laid at rest in the cemetery at Hickory, on Wednesday. The News extends sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased.

A number of subscriptions expire with the opening of the new year and we would be pleased to have our friends promptly renew and thus help us make the News for 1804 better than ever. We need money to pay up printers and type foundry bills and other incidentals and would appreciate prompt payment from all in arrears.

During last week the demand for milk in Chicago was not as great as ordinarily but those who were requested to stop shipping have been ordered to commence again this week. The only cause given for a falling off of the requirements of Chicago's citizens is that there was such an unusual quantity of free beer "on tap" after Hopkins' election that the demand for other fluids was much lessened for the time being.

The watch meeting last Sunday evening at the M. E. church was attended by a large number of our people. The regular Sunday evening service closed at nine o'clock and those who so desired were given an opportunity to retire. During the early part of the evening the house was crowded but after the intermission enough remained to just fill the seats comfortably. The latter half of the night's program consisted of songs and recitations, also sermons by Rev. Larkin of Liberty and Rev. Sturges of Hickory. As the old year began to wane the bell pealed out in joyful strains, echoing through the hills and vales, welcoming the merry new year, 1804.

### Card of Thanks.

I wish to express my most grateful appreciation and sincere thanks to the A. F. and A. M. and M. W. A. societies and to the many kind friends and neighbors for generous assistance and sympathy during my recent illness. In grateful remembrance their many kind deeds will live to cheer and encourage me on to a more fitting return of the kindness done me.

Sincerely and thankfully yours,  
A. CHINN.

### Announcement.

Having taken charge of the Sherry Lumber Yards at Antioch I shall be pleased to meet all the old patrons and many new ones who may

at any time desire anything in the line of lumber, coal, tile, lime, cement etc., and will take pleasure in quoting figures on anything in this line. We have on hand a large stock of lumber, which we will sell at low prices as we are overstocked in certain lines and wish to turn our stock into cash. The Lake Villa yard will remain under the same management and with both places to select from we feel assured that your wants can be filled with best material and at lowest prices. Thanking the public for generous patronage in the past I shall endeavor by courteous attention and fair dealing to merit continued patronage for the Sherry Lumber Co.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES HARBAUGH,  
Manager.

Antioch, Ills., Jan. 2nd, 1804.

## NEIGHBORING NOTES.

Pen Pictures of Passing Events Prepared by Our Correspondents.

### To Our Correspondents.

As we go to press Wednesday noon of each week, it is necessary that all communications should reach this office not later than Tuesday evening.

Yours Respectfully,  
J. J. BURKE.

### GRASS LAKE.

Barney Trieger took in Chicago this week.

A. P. Little spent Sunday at home. He has been at work at Trevor.

Ernest Trieger, who came home to spend the holidays, returned to the city Tuesday.

There are two fine ice boats on Fox Lake and it is a pleasant sight to see them flying over the ice with the speed of the wind.

D. B. Bates and Pitt Judd put down a well for C. B. Little the past week. For all Mr. Bates has not dug wells for two years he has not forgotten how.

The party given at Mr. Trieger's residence in honor of Miss Emma's birthday, was one of the pleasantest events of the season. When a jolly crowd of Grass Lake young folks gathered together for a good time there is no limit to fun. It is laughter from the beginning to the end. One of the features of the evening's entertainment was a Chinese party. Rob Selter and Crum Blunt carried off the honors and received first prize. Josie Yopp and Phenie Brogan received the booby prize. The choice of partners for supper was made by drawing numbers. Among those present were Messrs: Charles Blunt, Albert Herman and son, Willie Herman, Rob Selter, Arthur Wilton, Charles and Josie Yopp, George Yopp, C. Blunt, Willie Zimmermann, and Henry Stratton, Mesdames: R. Selter, C. Blunt, A. Herman and Willie Herman, Misses Nettie Selter, Honey Yopp, Theresa Yopp, Phenie Brogan, Lina Bell and Nettie Little and several others. The company dispersed at an early hour in the morning.

### Gray's Lake.

And now of course

We are ready to break

The good resolutions

We were eager to make.

A quiet New Year's day here.

Miss Alma Hendee is at home.

R. D. Parker was in Gray's Lake recently.

Our school re-opens next Monday morning.

Everyone is invited to attend church next Sabbath.

Mrs. J. H. Washburn just returned from a visit with friends in Oak Park.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Higley spent Friday and Saturday of last week in Chicago.

Quite a number of our young people attended the New Year's ball at Antioch Monday evening.

The young people had a candy pull at Robert Harvey's recently and passed a very pleasant evening.

Mr. C. M. Reid and Miss Grace Taylor, both of this place, were married at Waukegan one day last week.

Misses Lola Burge and Ollie Morrill report a very pleasant time at the musical convention at Millburn.

While out buying calves recently Albert Thompson had quite a run-away. Nothing more serious than a smashed rig resulted.

Rev. C. E. Drew was met by a fair sized audience on the occasion of the opening of the children's missionary barrels. About ten dollars was thus collected. Miss Emma Murrie having the most in her barrel. An entertainment was also provided for the evening.

As Walter Godfrey and William Glosser were driving out of town the axle of their buggy broke, letting one wheel down. The team became frightened and mixed matters seriously. Mr. Glosser has several broken ribs and Mr. Godfrey was severely bruised about the head. It is expected that both will be about in a few days.

### CAMP LAKE, WIS.

Mr. Eddie Lamb is here on a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Noah Yaw are on the sick list.

Miss Lula Jordan spent Christmas at home.

The prospects for ice this winter look very poor.

Miss Lizzie Reedy is visiting her sister Mrs. Lamb.

Mr. Tom Tenner left for Oregon Tuesday morning.

The Camp Lake school is enjoying a two weeks vacation.

Mr. Justin Orvis is home from Madison for a short vacation.

Miss Frances Cooper spent the holidays with H. Yaw's family.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gallagher and Miss Maggie spent a few days with their brother at this place.

A pleasant party was given at L. E. Lamb's Saturday evening. A large crowd was in attendance.

### Communicated.

GREEN BAY, WIS., Dec. 24, 1803.

The ancient city of Green Bay, one of the oldest cities in the state of Wisconsin, has just awakened from her Rip Van Winkle sleep and is becoming one of the leading cities of the northern part of the state. Her lumbering interests are just becoming second to none in the state. The mills here are able to cut nearly two million feet of lumber per week. She has a large barrel factory, run by D. W. Button, which turns out nearly two thousand barrels per day and is behind on orders for its wares. Green Bay is noted for its public school buildings, having just completed a large high school building 104 by 76 feet, three stories high, built of brick and faced all around with Lake Superior red sand stone, with a slate roof, heated by the latest of improved heating apparatus.

Fox River, the outlet from Lake Winnebago, runs through the city, with Fort Howard on its west bank and Green Bay on its east bank and between Neenah and Menasha, to within five miles of our twin cities, lies DePere and between Neenah and DePere are located about twenty large paper mills, which turn out tons of paper of all kinds, mostly made of pulp wood, for which they all find ready sale. About half way from DePere and Green Bay the town of Allouez is located, where there is the foundation for a building about 400 feet long, to be used for manufacturing purposes. It will be finished in the spring. There is also a large sawing factory in Fort Howard. There is a large commercial college in the city that is really an ornament to the city, also a large Columbian bakery, both large buildings built of brick, in a most substantial manner.

The Old Fellows Home has eighteen inmates beside the superintendent and the balance orphan children. Old man S. A. Didama has been sick since last Thanksgiving day but is now better and will be around as usual in a few days. The thermometer has been down as low as fourteen below zero and we have had fifteen inches of snow.

### In haste yours,

ZENO.

### Resolutions.

At the regular convocation of Court de Leon commandery Knights Templar held Tuesday evening, Dec. 5, the following resolutions were passed, in memory of Dr. D. Lewis, who died at Antioch, Ill., Nov. 10, 1803.

WHEREAS, The Sovereign Ruler of the Universe has gathered into the Heavenly Asylum our beloved Sir Knight, Daniel Lewis, past commander of this commandery;

WHEREAS, A burning taper of life in our commandery has been extinguished, and by his death this body loses one of its oldest and most respected members, therefore be it

Resolved, by Court de Leon, that we deeply sympathize with the family of the deceased in their great sorrow, and do we commend them to Him who is at all times the Father to the fatherless, and the widow's God for consolation and support.

Resolved, That our ushion, banners and sword hilts of the Sir Knights be draped in mourning for thirty days and that a memorial page in the records be set apart and dedicated to his memory.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the *El Paso Journal*, and a copy be presented to the family of the deceased.

El Paso, Ill., Dec. 5, 1803.

Committee: R. C. SPRINGGATE,  
G. R. CURTIS,  
Resolutions: J. I. KERN.

### COMMUNICATED.

An Appeal to the Voters of the Township of Antioch.

Repeated efforts have been made by different parties within the past year, to establish a dram-shop in our midst without the consent and approval of our citizens. In the September session of the Board of Supervisors the license granted at the previous session, was revoked, thereby removing from our village a thing which our people did not, and do not want.

Learning that another petition to obtain a license by a majority of the voters of the township is being circulated by some person or persons not residents of this vicinity, we, whose names appear below, do say that we have conferred with the citizens of this village, and find there are thirty-seven voters in Lake Villa who do not want a saloon amongst us, with or without license.

Therefore, we, in the name of the people of Lake Villa, request, as a special favor and for the good of our village, that you, the voters of the township of Antioch, will withhold your signatures from said petition. We would further state that we have no police protection from the men who sometimes become intoxicated, and disturb the peace of our law abiding citizens and our beautiful little village.

JOHN H. HUGHES.  
CHARLES DARRY.  
H. S. SHERWOOD.  
W. J. DARRY.  
J. G. ROWLING.  
GEO. H. WELTON.  
DAVID DERRY.  
CHARLES HAMILIN  
Com.

Lake Villa, Ill. Dec., 20th, 1803.

### The New Year and the Old.

The Christmas peals have died away. The jingling bells of Santa Claus have died away in the distance. Ah! Those pealing Christmas bells. Alas! That it was so hard to distinguish between the merry chime and the toll, so intimately did they blend together. The same stroke that proclaimed the Saviour's advent, told also of the advent of the souls of so many of our loved ones into the other world.

"But in the midst of life we are in death," was announced many years ago, and we must also bow to that same stern decree. Now that the old year is dead and its mourners are few who wish for its recall, we realize that it has been a year of serious disasters by land and by sea, of crime run rampant. How many now living will be able to answer roll call one hundred years to come? Scarcely one. It is true the year just past has had its bright features and sunshine as well as its clouds, and it would be better for all of us if we would endeavor to live more in the light than in the shade. The last issue of the News and the Trevorite for 1803 has been placed in your hands for your perusal, and now we enter with renewed vigor upon the new year, 1804. We know not what it may have in store for us, and it is well that we do not. When one of the disciples became unduly inquisitive about the future he was answered "What is that to thee. Follow thou Me." Let us accept the new year with thankfulness and joy as a blessing from on high. Live according to the rules of common sense. Do justice to all. Enjoy the blessings as they come, and maintain a cheerful heart. Patrons and readers, one and all, we wish you a happy new year.

**THE NEWS,**  
**\$1.00 A YEAR.**

## PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

### Miscellaneous Wants.

Advertisements under this head, 5 cents per line each insertion. Ordinarily, 7 words make a line.

TO RENT—A building in a good locality, suitable for a store and a meat market with suite of living rooms attached. Enquire at this office.

LOST: On Monday evening, Jan. 1st, somewhere in the village of Antioch, a black fur glove with knit front. Finder please leave with Walter Taylor.

### WOOD.

I have a quantity of first-class second growth wood for sale. Enquire of S. D. WALKER, Antioch, Ill. 104

### For Sale, Lake Front.

Suitable for a summer resort hotel or a colony of lake families. The finest in Lake County. Heavily timbered, fine bank, gravel lake bottom and shore, 2 miles from Antioch depot, on long time and very low price. Enquire at News office.

### House and Lot For Sale.

FOR SALE:—A nine room house, built about four years, with good cellar, cistern and out buildings, in a good location in Antioch village. J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

### Farm For Rent.

FOR RENT: The whole or part of a farm of 345 acres, in good state of cultivation and one mile west of Rollins milk platform. The farm will be leased for a term of years entire or divided to suit. For particulars inquire of JOHN HOOK, Gray's Lake, Ills.

### Lake Property for Sale.

FOR SALE: A choice tract of two acres, heavily timbered. Within two miles of depot. Over 300 feet of fine lake front, good shore, suitable for hotel or club house. Price reasonable. Address THE NEWS, Antioch, Ills.

### Stamping done on Short Notice.

Leave your orders for stamping with Jennie Thorne, at C. O. Foltz & Co.'s store. She has a complete outfit and all the latest designs.

### Farm For Sale.

FOR SALE: A Farm of 40 acres in the town of Salem, between Antioch and Wilmet. \$525 will buy it. A bargain for some one. For particulars call on or address, J. J. BURKE, Real-estate and Loans, Antioch, Ills.

### For Sale.

A fine location on Fox River for summer residence. 30 acres for sale low on easy terms, 5 miles from a depot. Enquire at News office.

### For Sale.

Real estate mortgages running for a term of years. No expense to purchaser for assignments. J. J. Burke, Real-estate and Loans.



PATENTS, TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS. CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and on lowest terms, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. \$3 a year. Sample copies sent free. Building Edition, monthly, \$2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors and photographs of new machines, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 Broadway.

### WE ARE ALWAYS

## READY

to blow our own horn, and would advise others to do the same. When you are ready to do the blowing you will find us ready

### TO DO THE

## PRINTING

IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE AND FAIR PRICES.

Chas. P. Westerfield,  
**Ex Co. SURVEYOR**

AND CIVIL ENGINEER.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,  
418 North West Street,  
WAUKEGAN, ILLINOIS.  
CAREFUL WORK GUARANTEED.

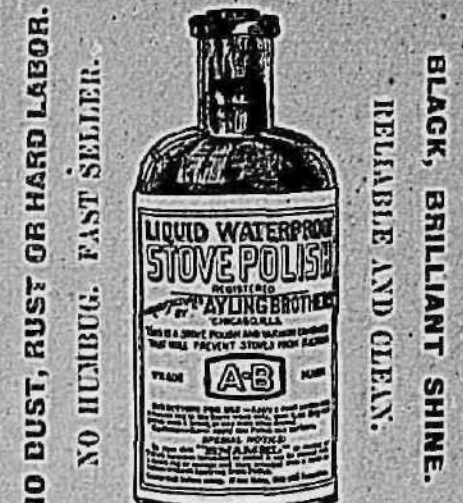


RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Hiccups, Bad Coughs, Stomach, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effective, and give immediate relief. Price—Box (24), 10 cents; Package (12 boxes), 25 cents. May be ordered through nearest druggist, or by mail. Sample free by mail. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRING STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

### Ask your Dealer for

## A. B. STOVE POLISH.



Beware of Imitations. The Oldest and Best Liquid Polish.

## AYLING BROS.,

Sole Mfrs. and Patentees,

328 Milwaukee Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

## Village Lots For Sale.

Long Time, Monthly Payments.

R. JOHANNOTT,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.

## Special Service, Mid-

## Winter Fair.

Commencing October 23d, the Great Rock Island Route inaugurated a Daily Through Tourist Car Line between Chicago and Los Angeles, via the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific to Kansas City and Ft. Worth, and thence by the Texas Pacific to El Paso and Southern Pacific to Los Angeles.

### BE TTER YET.

Arrangement has been concluded to run this car on to San Francisco by this southern route, which is an excellent one in winter season. Remember this car leaves Chicago daily at 6 P. M., by the Great Rock Island Route.

The above mentioned Tourist Line is in addition to the double weekly service from Chicago, Tuesdays and Thursdays via Rock Island Route, Denver & Rio Grande and Southern Pacific through Pueblo, Salt Lake, Ogden and San Francisco to Los Angeles.

Low rates and excellent service, coupled with the fast time made by passengers on these Tourist Cars, make them as they deserve, very popular.

Any Coupon Ticket agent can give facts as to rates, and remember second class tickets are accepted on these cars. Address for full particulars,

J. N. O. SEBASTIAN & T. A.

C. R. 1 & P. Ry., Chicago.

### Official.

It is our earnest desire to impress upon the minds of the public the superiority of the service offered by the Wisconsin Central Lines to Milwaukee, Chicago and all points Eastward South. Two fast trains leave St. Paul Minneapolis and Duluth daily, equipped with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of the latest design. Its Dining Car Service is unsurpassed, which accounts to a great degree, for the popularity of this line. The Wisconsin Central Lines, in connection with Northern Pacific R. R., is the only line from Pacific Coast points, over which both Pullman Vestibuled, first-class, and Pullman Tourist Cars are operated via St. Paul without change to Chicago.

Pamphlets giving valuable information can be obtained free upon a application to your nearest ticket agent, or JAS. C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

## J. B. Story & Son,

successors to

MONTGOMERY & STORY,

## ICE CREAM PARLOR

AND DEALER IN

## GROCERIES,

TOBACCO & CIGARS.

## Summer Drinks,

FRUITS & VEGETABLES

IN THEIR SEASON.

J. B. STORY & SON,

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS

## STEEL WIRE FENCE BOARD



## STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

Manufactured Only by

DE KALB FENCE CO., - De Kalb, Ill.

-FOR SALE BY-

A. P. Ames, Antioch, Ill.

## BE RELIEVED

RIAL FREE.

Relief For those who are sufferers from overindulgence, Nervous Debility, and all forms of nervousness, permanently cured in from 1 to 2 months. Many testimonials from victims who have been restored to health, manly vigor and happiness. Send 2 cents postage for free trial. \$1.00 per package or 6 for \$5.00 sent securely sealed from observation.

Address THE CLARK E. MEDICINE CO., 3123 Archer Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



# THE ANTIOCH NEWS

ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS.



Max Toerner, 23 years old, was found shot on a railroad bridge at Pittsburg, Pa. He said he had been assaulted and robbed, but the police think the wound was self-inflicted.

J. M. Lacy, late secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers of Kansas and Missouri, is lying at the point of death at his home in Minden, Kan., his physician ascribing his malady to alcoholic poisoning.

William J. Lloyd, a Philadelphia merchant, committed suicide.

At Broadway, Va., a negro named Edward Williams was publicly given 100 lashes.

William Herbert, a burglar, was killed by a trap gun in the store of T. J. Vinson at Georgiana, Ala.

General Master Workman Sovereign has been taken ill at Hazleton, Pa., and returned to his home at Des Moines, Iowa.

Harry Lucas, late grand chancellor of the New Mexico Knights of Pythias at Silver City, has been missing for several weeks.

In a fight at the residence of Augustus Petri, ten miles south of Rushville, Ill., Niel Bowman disemboweled J. Douglass.

Frank Wattman, a farmer living near Quincy, Ill., was dragged by his horse, three ribs being broken and his skull fractured.

The notorious outlaws, John Boone and Frank McDowell, were arrested near Augusta, Ky., and taken to Cornington jail to prevent a lynching.

The United States mail was robbed at McAlester, I. T. The sack was found lying on the platform truck cut open and all contents gone.

At Louisville, N. C., a skeleton has been discovered disclosing the murder of a Jew peddler in July, 1892. Four persons are implicated, of whom one has confessed.

William Eyer, 12-year-old, son of the electrician of the Bell City Street Railway company, was drowned at Racine, Wis., while skating on the river, striking an air hole and disappearing. His friends could not help him.

Conrad O'Brien, postmaster at Lagro, Wabash county, Ind., is said to be \$800 short in his accounts, the cause assigned being the keeping of public and private accounts together. His office has been turned over to his bondsmen.

Edward Smith, postmaster at Converse, Ind., has received notification from the postmaster-general that after Jan. 1, 1894, the office will be advanced to the third class, the salary being \$1,000 a year. The gross revenue of the office for the last year has exceeded \$2,000.

Mack Segars, colored, was lynched near Brantley, Ala.

George W. Savage, United States consul at Dundee, Scotland, is dead.

John McDees committed suicide at Racine, Wis., by jumping in front of a passenger train.

Grape culture was discussed at the meeting of the Michigan State Horticultural society at Lawton, Mich.

The city council at Peoria, Ill., appropriated \$50,000 toward securing the permanent location of the state fair.

Gov. Russell of Massachusetts has declined a public demonstration at Louisville, Ky., tendered through Henry Waterson.

Joseph Wolf of Cleveland, Ohio, was sentenced to two years in the Prison North at Valparaiso, Ind., for burglary and resisting arrest.

Harriet Hayden, colored, has bequeathed a \$5,000 estate to Harvard college to found a scholarship for poor colored students.

George Davis was killed by the city marshal at Sorento, Ill., during a fight among miners. The marshal was trying to stop the disturbance.

Amack Lambert shot and killed himself at Cincinnati, Ohio. He was 22 years old. His parents live in New York. No reason is known for the act.

County Commissioner-elect Charles F. Allen of Pottsville, Pa., was arrested and held in jail, charged with violating the election law regarding promises of money and office for influence and votes.

The annual meeting of the State Forestry association was held at Denver Colo. A resolution was passed calling for the passage of the MacRae bill before congress for the preservation of forests.

The school directors of Owen Center, Ill., are investigating charges against John Barclay, teacher of the district school, that he uses a wagon wheel spoke with a nail in the end of it as a rod of correction. He denies the charge.

Charles Kieber, a farmer near Decatur, Ill., was killed by a Wabash freight train.

Joseph Hardin, 50 years old, was killed at Dongola, Ill., by falling through a cattle guard on the railroad track.

Porter Johnson, an aged farmer near Huntington, Neb., was fatally injured by a shot fired by C. E. Elliott, his son-in-law.

William Boyers shot his mother at Booneville, Ind., because she asked him to stop drinking liquor. She can not recover.

The report that William F. Harry, chairman of the democratic national committee, is seriously ill is an exaggeration.

The river steamer John Graves, heavily laden with sugar and other merchandise, sunk twenty-five miles south of Camden, Ark. The cargo is well insured.

The stranded China liner City of New York is being battered to pieces by a storm at the Golden Gate.

Four prisoners awaiting trial on the charge of robbing the Wisconsin Central depot at Park Falls escaped from the Price county, Wis., jail. They have not been recaptured.

Joseph and Henry Manley and George Cronk died at Plattsburg, N. Y., from privations they experienced in trying to walk on the ice from Saranac Lake to Tupper Lake.

At Rosalie, Tex., Ben Hamilton got drunk and meeting Thomas Bush shot him through the breast. As Bush was falling he sent a bullet through Hamilton's head. Both died on the spot.

The Fiske Gold Mining and Milling company's property at Black Hawk Colo., principally owned by parties in Haverhill, Mass., has been sold to an English syndicate for half a million dollars.

Calvin Thomas, the negro who assaulted Mrs. Sellers at Balmbridge, Ga., was taken from the jail by a mob and hanged.

Henry Williams blew up the saloon of David Shell at Ironton, Ohio, with a dynamite cartridge.

Fifty-four unemployed laborers have been given work on the water works mains at Lakeside, a suburb of Fort Wayne, Ind.

John Camp, a revenue officer at Dalton, Ga., was shot while attempting to arrest a recently liberated inmate of the asylum.

Lieut. David J. Baker Jr. will continue another year on special duty at the state headquarters of the Illinois National guard.

The 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Isett of Wapello, Wis., was drowned by skating into an airhole in the Iowa river.

The recent warm weather at Bayfield, Wis., made a rift in the ice as far as Houghton, making almost open water to Madeline island.

Col. W. W. Reed, a prominent lawyer, committed suicide in Atlanta, Ga.

Hattie Lone Nolan committed suicide at Elkhart, Ind., by shooting herself. The cause was a misunderstanding with the young man whom she was engaged to marry.

Peter N. Boling, the victim of the cutting affray at Seymour, Ind., died. Aaron Whitaker, a workman at McKeesport, Pa., was ejected from a saloon by Edward P. Logan, the barkeeper. Whitaker fell, fracturing his skull, from the effects of which he died. Logan is held to await the action of the coroner.

## MAY AID THE EMPLOYES.

Receivers Claim the Reduction in Wages Does Them an Injustice.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Jan. 2.—The receivers of the Northern Pacific railway company may join with the employees in asking the court to modify the reduction of the wages of the employees if the conference between the employees and officials of the road now being held at St. Paul show that an injustice has been done the men. This is on the authority of Henry C. Payne, one of the receivers, who returned from St. Paul yesterday, where he had been in conference with Receiver Oakes and General Manager Kendrick.

It will be a week or ten days before the question is decided, and in the meantime the reduced scale of wages prepared under the order of the United States court, which went into effect at midnight last night, will continue in force. Mr. Payne said he anticipated no trouble and he believed the men would await the outcome of the conference. He said the recent order of the United States court had been misunderstood in some quarters and that some people believed it enjoined the men from leaving the service of the company. He said the order simply prevented the men from abandoning their trains in the middle of a run or damaging property of the company.

## INCENDIARIES AT WORK.

Cigar Factory Robbed and Burned—Wisconsin Hotel Destroyed.

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 1.—The tobacco and cigar factory of Hannon Bros. of this city was destroyed by an incendiary fire yesterday morning after it had been robbed. A family named Pickett narrowly escaped suffocation. Incendiary fires have caused a loss of nearly \$70,000 in the last few weeks.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—Fire at Tacoma Park, a suburban village of Washington, destroyed Birch & Co.'s store and the postoffice, and damaged several other buildings to the extent of \$50,000; partly covered by insurance.

STEVENS POINT, Wis., Jan. 30.—The Avenue hotel, owned by Woodbury Bros., burned yesterday with nearly the entire contents. Loss, about \$10,000; insurance, \$3,000.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 1.—One thousand bales of cotton were burned in a warehouse on Queen street, this city. Loss, \$50,000.

LYNN, Mass., Jan. 1.—Fire in the Sagamore hotel property yesterday caused \$32,000 damage.

## M'KANE AGAIN INDICTED.

True Bill Returned Against Him in Connection with Election Frauds.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 1.—The extra ordinary grand jury, which has been investigating the alleged election frauds in Gravesend, made a return this morning to Justice Cullen. A big batch of indictments were handed up. One of those indicted was John Y. McKane, the chief of police of Gravesend. It is said that Justice of the Peace Newton and several election inspectors were also among the persons indicted.

## ASSASSIN MUST DIE.

MAYOR HARRISON'S MURDERER WILL HANG.

The Jury Finds Him Guilty—Verdict Rendered in an Hour—Prendergast Takes the Result Quietly—End of the Famous Trial.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—Patrick Eugene Prendergast must suffer death. The jury that has listened to all the evidence in the case returned a verdict yesterday that Prendergast was guilty of the murder of Mayor Carter H. Harrison on the night of Oct. 28.

Judge Brennan read his instructions to the jury at 1 o'clock yesterday—instructions that were of unusual length, as the case is of unusual importance and as the assassin's crime was unique in Cook county criminal history. The judge went very deeply into the case, instructing the jury it seemed on every possible point. His charge was, if anything, against the prisoner. The little dingy courtroom was crowded to the doors and every word the judge uttered was eagerly drunk in by the audience. The jury took the case and retired when the sound of the judge's voice was heard no longer, and then the tension in the court relaxed and the wait for the verdict began.

When the jury came back into the court room after an absence of only a few minutes over an hour, Foreman Suttler handed the clerk their verdict.

Inspector Schenck was called and testified that he took from the trunk in Lake View station a piece of blood-stained cotton which he turned over to Miss Johnson, a clerk in Dr. Belfield's office. This was to lay the foundation for the introduction of Dr. Belfield's testimony as to the fact that the stains on the cotton were human blood.

A story was current in the courtroom that the state had discovered a man who would testify to having seen Coughlin and another man in a buggy in Lake View late on the night of May 4. This witness would swear, so the story ran, that he saw Coughlin leave the buggy and throw a bundle into the sewer catch basin, where Dr. Cronin's clothes were afterward found. Mr. Scanlan and Mr. Bottom both ridiculed the story and said they knew nothing of such a witness.

JEALOUSY CAUSES MURDER.

Louis Snyder Kills Mrs. Ollie Cloud at Indianapolis, Ind.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 2.—The murder of Mrs. Ollie Cloud Saturday night at her handsome residence, 27 South Pine street, is found to contain a number of sensational features not made known at the time. The victim with her 15-year-old son and a servant girl maintained an expensive establishment, to which for months Louis Snyder had the entire as her accepted lover. A wealthy manufacturer of Indianapolis was also known to be her admirer. Snyder was jealous and had threatened her life a week ago. They had been on a night shopping tour, returning home at 11 o'clock. The son was awakened by the shooting, which took place in Mrs. Cloud's kitchen. He rushed to the door, and saw Snyder bending over the dying woman. Snyder said he did not know he had shot Mrs. Cloud, and then left the house by the rear door. No trace of his later movements has been discovered. It is believed he is hiding with some of his relatives in the city. Four bullets pierced the woman's body. She died almost instantly.

To Vindicate Senator Vilas.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 2.—Senator R. M. Bashford has served notice that he will commence the examination of Senator W. F. Vilas before a court next Tuesday. This is a proceeding in the roster case, calculated, it is popularly supposed, to give Senator Vilas a chance to say he took no part in the roster job, except to give his opinion after the state printer had read the riot act to the governor that the latter better cancel the contract. The senator wants to vindicate himself before returning to Washington.

Case Against Ex-Gov. Chase.

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# DR. WILL'S STRANGE PATIENT.



DOCTOR Walker sat alone in his office at the Orthopedic hospital one dark stormy night. Outside, the wind and rain were having it all their own way. The gale swept around the huge building with mad shrieks, like a score of fiends let loose to riot and rejoice in the misery of suffering human souls. The rain came down in wild, dashing, slashing torrents, dashing into the faces of the few chance pedestrians, and forcing those obliged to be abroad to turn resolute faces homeward. Ah! Heaven be merciful to the wretch who had no home that night!

Within the hospital dead silence reigned. The patients were supposed to be disposed for the night, and lights were out, only in the wards where the sufferers were so dangerously ill that the watchers by their bedside sat waiting with patient outward composure for the approaching end.

Doctor Walker—he was familiarly known throughout the institution as "Doctor Will"—sat poring over a huge volume upon the table before him, and striving to concentrate his thoughts upon its contents. But he seemed out of sorts to-night; he seemed restless and uneasy. A noble, manly face, with handsome features and kindly blue eyes. His upper lip was shaded by a drooping mustache, which it was his habit, when perplexed or annoyed, to bite furiously. Altogether, Doctor Will Walker was a man to attract, to invite confidence, an ideal character for a physician. For all physicians, especially where nervous diseases are a specialty, should possess this attraction to the patients.

"I wonder what ails me to-night?" he exclaimed half aloud, closing the book at last, and putting it aside with a weary gesture. "Somehow I cannot study, or find interest in my work. Now, if I were like some of my interesting nervous patients, I would say that I feel as if something was going to happen? Bah! what folly in a strong man to allow his nerves to affect his whole life. One must exert will-power and—"

"Ah! what is it? Did you speak to me, Kate?"

For the first time in the office, Doctor Will's quick glance had detected one of the night nurses—a pleasant-faced, kindly-looking woman who had been long attached to the hospital. She stepped to the threshold, and threw the door open.

"Yes, doctor, I wanted to tell you that there is a new patient in the reception room. A young man who has been brought here in a cab. His arm is broken, I think. The driver said the young man hailed the cab about an hour ago, on Green street, and said he had broken his arm, and wished to be taken to friends at the other end of the city. The driver, however, seeing the man to the street and number 12, but there was no one home."

and a policeman, near, said that the family had gone to Europe. At that the young man uttered a cry of disappointment which the cab-driver said made his own heart ache; and then he looked sadly and helplessly at the ground. But the driver and policeman together placed him in the cab, and he was taken here, as it happened to be only a few blocks away. By this time Doctor Will had followed Kate into the reception room, where a slight form in a neat gray suit lay upon a sofa, quite unconscious.

The doctor dispatched the nurse for his surgical instruments and soon had removed the stranger's coat and rolled up the sleeves of the snowy undergarments, soft and fine. The face upon the sofa pillow was delicate and refined; a face with perfect features; the long, dark eyelashes sweeping the white cheeks, the soft, dark hair curling slightly, brushed away from the broad, low brow. The interesting patient could not have been more than seventeen. No trace of beard or moustache darkened the soft, fair skin. He looked as helpless as a child lying there before the keen, searching eyes of the young physician. Something—a strange sensation—which Doctor Will did not stop to analyze—moved his heart as he touched the round white arm, and prepared to examine the injuries.

"Compound fracture!" he muttered conclusively. "Come here, Kate! You will have to assist me!"

"Dear me!" ejaculated the nurse, bending over the patient, grateful that he was as delicate as a girl. Look! See the blue veins in his arm. Poor young chap. He has to suffer yet, before that arm will be well."

A little later, his injuries attended to, the strange patient was placed in bed. He had recovered consciousness, and opened a pair of great, dark, beautiful eyes to meet Dr. Will's sympathetic gaze.

"Where am I?" faltered the patient. "In the Orthopedic hospital, sir. You have broken your arm and were brought here by a cab driver. You are perfectly safe here. Tell me your name and where shall I send for your friends?"

"My name," a slight hesitation, "is Halton—Parke Halton. My friends? Ah! I have none! I—I went to the house of old friends—they have gone to Europe. I have not been here long! I have no place to go. But I have money."

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Halton. You are all right here. The wards are full, and I have had you placed in a private room."

"Thank you. I am able to pay for it. You will get me well as soon as possible, doctor—" with a slight interrogation.

"I am Doctor William Walker of this hospital. I shall do all in my power for you. It is nothing dangerous, my dear sir; only you must have rest. Now I will give you a sleeping potion, and hope to find you better in the morning."

Parke Halton drank the sleeping draught, and almost immediately fell

Dr. Will sat watching the pale, unconscious face upon the pillow before him, an odd sensation struggling in his left breast pocket.

"What a spirituelle face for a man—or a boy rather?" he exclaimed. "I declare I was never so interested in a patient before in my life!"

The next day Parke Halton was much better, and as the days went by he grew rapidly stronger.

Dr. Will spent more time in the room of his interesting patient than he had ever been known to do before. There seemed some subtle attraction between the two; and as time passed it grew and strengthened.

At last, Parke was fully recovered, and in a few days would be discharged from the hospital.

One night Kate, the night nurse, was startled by the sound of faint sobbing and stifled weeping which seemed to come from the end of the long corridor near the sleeping room of Dr. Will. She hastened softly to the spot, determined to know what was the matter. This is what she saw:

Parke Halton on his knees at the door of the doctor's room, weeping bitterly.

Directly, the young man arose to his feet, and entered the room, for the physicians' room was never locked, but always ready for a hasty summons in the night.

In speechless amazement Kate noticed the young patient steal softly to the bedside, and stooping, press a kiss upon the brow of the sleeping physician; then, weeping bitterly, steal away once more.

Out in the corridor the nurse suddenly confronted the young man. Halton fell back with a stifled cry. "Explain yourself, sir," began the nurse. "Your conduct is rather unusual."

A sudden resolution seemed to come into the young man's mind.

"Come to my room," he said, in a hurried whisper, "and I will tell you all I have a confession to make."

The next morning when Doctor Will awoke from his slumbers he found upon his bed a small locket containing the pictured face of a girl. It was the exact counterpart of Parke Halton. When he left his room he was met by Kate, who announced that the young man was gone. She had found his bed empty that morning, and a sum of money sufficient to more than cover his expenses at the hospital lying upon the table. But whatever the secret confided to Kate she kept it inviolate. Doctor Will's face clouded, and a troubled look crept into his eyes. After that, he became very quiet and taciturn, and altogether a changed man.

One day he received a summons to an up-town mansion; its owner lay dying—stricken down by a swift and

"He hated me, despised me," sudden disease. Arrived at his bedside, Doctor Will saw at once that it was too late to save him; his hours were numbered.

"I have something to tell you," the dying man said, feebly. "See that no one is near. Wait, I wish to send for my ward, Leoline Lea."

A message was dispatched, and in a few moments a young girl entered the room. At sight of her, the blood receded from Doctor Will's heart, and he felt as though he was going to faint. For it was the face in the locket, which Doctor Will even then wore over his heart, and the face-simile of Parke Halton. Stifling an exclamation, the girl sank into a seat. The dying man began:

"I was guardian over Leoline Lea's property. She was very rich; but I have squandered her estate. I am dying now. I loved her and I determined to make her my wife; thus I would never render an account of the wasted fortune. I persecuted her for a year to gain her consent. She would soon be 21 and out of my power, and then I would be forced to give an account of her squandered fortune. I was half wild lest I be discovered and punished. I did all in my power to force her into marriage with me. She hated me, despised me, scorned me."

"At last, tired of her defiance, I locked her in her own room up stairs in this house, and decided to starve her into obedience to my wishes."

"To my consternation the girl escaped from her prison. She knotted the blankets together and made a rope by which she managed to effect her escape."

"She was gone several weeks. I was half distracted over her absence, for she was as ignorant of the world as a little child. Had she not been, she would have known that the law gives me guardian the right to deprive her of liberty."

"On her twenty-first birthday, however, she reappeared and demanded the restitution of her fortune. But she would give no account of her whereabouts during her absence from my house until to-day, when she declared that she had found refuge in the Orthopedic hospital. I have sent for you to corroborate her story. Doctor Walker have you ever met my ward before?"

Doctor Will's blue eyes met the frightened gaze of Leoline's dark ones; they drooped. How could he answer that question? She arose to her feet.

"Yes, Doctor Walker has met me before. I am Parke Halton." Her face was ghastly white now, and she trembled perceptibly. "I was very ignorant of the world's ways, as my guardian acknowledges—a friendless orphan—or I would long ago have appeared to the law for protection from his persecutions. In the wardrobe of the room where I was imprisoned I found a suit of men's clothing; I managed to alter them so that I could wear them; and, knotting blankets and sheets together, finally escaped from the window, breaking my arm in my flight. I had hoped to find refuge until my twenty-first birthday with some acquaintances at the farther end of the city, but when I reached

the house it was closed and the family gone to Europe.

"I was in terrible pain with my broken arm, and that, with the disappointment, overcame me, and I fainted, and was taken to the hospital. You know the rest, doctor. Can you ever forgive my unwomanly conduct?"

Doctor Will took both little hands in his own, and led her from the room.

"I know this," he said, in a low, tender tone, "that I love you as man never loved woman before. Will you be my wife, Leoline?"

Her eyes drooped before his passionate gaze.

"I have loved you ever since my eyes first opened from that swoon in the hospital," she faltered, "and it nearly drove me distracted to reflect upon my false position. You surely cannot love or respect me?"

But there was no doubt of the love which filled his heart, and with true love respect comes always.

And this was the way in which my friend Walker found his wife—Doctor Will's Strange Patient!

**THE AGENT SYMPATHIZED.**  
Why He Could Feel for the Man Who Had Blundered.

When Brakeman Thompson opened a switch at Kingsbury, Ind., and sent a Washash passenger train headlong against a solid line of loaded freight cars, the indignant public suggested all sorts of punishment for him.

Men who had worked on train crews were not so bitter. One of the prominent railway officials of Chicago—a general passenger agent—took the trouble to look into Thompson's record and learned that he had been one of the most intelligent, competent and careful men in the employ of the company, says the Chicago Record.

"He has suffered his full penalty already," said the passenger agent. "I know what it is to live a year in two seconds. When I was a mere boy, crazy for railroading, I went out as a freight brakeman. One day our train was on a siding waiting for an express to go by. I went ahead to the switch. Now, I wasn't thinking of switches, trains or anything else in the world except a certain person whom I was expecting to meet at the other end of the run. I went to that switch whistling and thinking of something else. I unlocked the switch; threw it open, turned my back to it and watched the express train grow larger as it swung down the long grade toward me, but I wasn't thinking of it until, when it was almost upon me, I noticed the engineer jump from his place in the window. The whistle for brakes helped to arouse me. I turned to the switch, and then it dawned upon me that the switch was open and that the express was headed for the siding."

"I jumped against the upright and the train went by on the main track. The engineer's face was white through the coal dust. I had no time to look the switch. I simply against it until the last car had passed, and then I dropped in a faint."

"That engineer knew me and never reported it. If he had, I wouldn't have been in the railroad business to-day."

"Since then I have some pity and sympathy for men who make what seem to be criminal blunders. You can't tell why they do certain things at the wrong times. They can't tell themselves."

**Engel.**  
"I am sorry to tell you," said the editor, "that we cannot use your poem."

"Indeed?"  
"To be candid with you, it is clumsy in sentiment and faulty in construction. The rhymes are all wrong, and altogether it is not even decent doggerel." Here the editor paused for breath and the poet said meekly:

"Give it back to me, please."

"I don't think you can do anything with it."

"Oh, yes I can. I'll have it set to music and make a popular song of it."

**From Different Standpoints.**  
"And this is the state penitentiary, is it?" inquired the stranger who was strolling about the environs of Joliet. "It's a pretty fine piece of architecture."

"It depends a good deal on how you are looking at it," replied the man spoken to, winking slyly at the bystanders.

"Ah, yes, I suppose it does," rejoined the stranger. "How does it look on the inside?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

**Encouraging an Author.**  
Manuscript Reader—Here is a manuscript from some writer I never heard of.

Great Magazine Editor—Well, no use discouraging the poor fellow. Kick it around the floor, so it will look as if it had been carefully read, and send it back.

**Wanted Ripe Lobsters.**  
"Have you any lobsters to-day?" asked Mrs. Honeymoon.

"Yes, ma'am," said the fishman, "here is a fresh lot."

"Oh, dear me, I don't want them; they are green. Haven't you any ripper ones than these?"—Truth.

**Temptation Solicited.**  
Willie, who has eaten his apple—Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam.

Mabel—All right. Well?

Willie—Now you tempt me to eat your apple and I'll succumb.—Judge.

**The Same Old Excuse.**  
Magistrate—Well, young man, what excuse have you for taking the picture when you were forbidden to do it?

Young Man—Judge, I didn't know my camera was loaded.—Judge.

# THE FASHION LETTER

**NEW YORK BECOMING THE MECCA OF MODES.**

And in the Near Future May Set the Styles of the World—Costumes for Young Girls—Miscellaneous Notes of the Modes.

(New York Fashion Letter.)

IN PARIS, THAT Mecca of the modish, that paradise of the fashionable, the stage sets the style in correct and artistic dress, as it is the final arbiter in nice points of social etiquette and the interpreter of the best spoken language of the day. And, indeed, New York is following the long-recognized authority in modish matters very closely, and the day may come when the American metropolis shall wield the scepter in originality in dress, as it now bears the palm for the most artistic adaptability and realization of the Parisian ideas. New York women are the best-dressed women in the world, according to many authorities, because of their more delicate and conservative taste. The Parisian woman wears the novelty in all its crudeness. The New York woman modifies it and betters it every time. And it has become quite the custom for modistes in Gotham, following the Parisian idea, to be eager purchasers of first night seats whenever a new society play is to be given at one of our leading theaters, because here, as in Paris, the newest and most artistic dress ideas are sure to have their possibilities realized by the women behind the footlights, whose one aim in life is to have gowns that are not staid, but might be worn in any drawing room in the town.

Children's dresses always occupy a large space in the fashion chronicle, and rightly, because more dresses for little girls are made in the house under

red in satin and has a black passementerie finish.

A pretty gown recently worn by a girl of 14 was of yellow crepon with a silk polka dot. The skirt of one length in, the back had a yoke front, to which the lower part was

shirred, beneath a trimming of golden brown velvet. A dress of golden brown cashmere for a girl of 10 or 12 had a trimming of sapphire-shaded velvet and ruffles of the cashmere, with a belt of the velvet tied on one side. While the tiny maid of 6 or 8 the Thanksgiving gown was made of rose pink crepon, the fitted revers flared, but not gathered, and trimmed with a half-inch satin ribbon edged on each edge with black velvet. The trimming crosses the little straight waist both at the front and back, and has a belt, with rosettes on each side of the revers and of the belt made of black velvet.

Another gown was of ivory-white satin, with a decoration of black velvet and old lace arranged in a particularly becoming fashion for ladies not quite as tall as they could wish to be. Another gown of changeable moire that might be called opaline, so varied

the direction of the mothers than for the elders. Now, the first thing to be remembered in the making of children's gowns is that the little maid of 4 wears the longest gown. It reaches quite to her shoe tops and the shoes are not high. The girl of 16 wears a dress of about the same length, the maid of 14 one two inches shorter, and the dress shortens as the years lessen until the little maid between 4 and 8 wears a dress quite covering her knees

and delicately shaded were its tints, was trimmed with black moire ribbon and chiffon changeable like the gown, with revers of old lace. The entire waist was of the chiffon, gathered to a belt. Still another gown was of pale blue tissue, draped on the hips and plaited full in front. The collar was of white satin, edged with exquisite open patterned and wired jet passementerie. The secret of making a gown from pictured models is to take here a little and there a little, combining all harmoniously; for gowns, like prescriptions of medicine, need to be prepared after a personal diagnosis, and cannot be made up like overcoats, in job lots all from the same pattern.

**Baby Ruth Defends Herself.**  
Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Bissell attended, accompanied by Miss Ruth Cleveland and Miss Marguerite Bissell, both young ladies about the same age. The little girls were of course delighted, but unfortunately both took a fancy to the same doll—one that by pressing a spring would say "Mamma." The doll was handed to Ruth by the lady in charge and immediately Marguerite wanted it. Ruth, to escape the pressing importunities of Marguerite for possession of the doll, ran into an adjoining room. Marguerite followed and overtook Ruth. Little Miss Bissell grabbed the doll, whereupon little Miss Cleveland released her hold upon the cherished toy and grasped her tormentor.

**Notes for Women.**  
It is said that by adding a little borax to the rinsing water and drying in the shade, red tablecloths will keep their color.

A drunkard is unreliable, and if a girl doesn't find it out before marriage she will afterward if she marries a drinking man.

The young lady who is not a good cook can not boast of a finished education no matter what may be her attainments in a literary way.

Lady Somerset, who presided over the W. C. T. U. convention at Chicago, is giving her life and her large fortune in an effort to make the world better.

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# DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

The woman in the case—the photograph in the locket.

Drinking cups for picnic purposes are now made of paper.

A gilt wire basket is made for serving water cress at the table.

Mrs. Temple, wife of the bishop of London, is a shorthand writer.

There is nothing a man hates worse than to have his wife say she wants to have a private talk with him.

"Freddy, we can't get through this crowd." "Wait a minute, Cholly. Here comes a lady with an umbrella. We will follow her."

There are gracious, serene, hopeful and happy old women, who are more beautiful in their wrinkles than they were in their maiden roses.

Women who have babies don't look so pretty when they are young as those who have none, but they are better looking when they become old.

Personal in daily paper: "The young lady to whom I became engaged at the ball last night is hereby requested to send her name and address to the office of this paper."

Mamma, after the elderly visitor had gone away—You shouldn't have run out of the room when Miss Oldsby tried to take you on her lap, Willie. She was not going to harm you. Willie—She wasn't, hey? She had her mouth puckered all ready for it, anyhow.

Dr. Lankester has been searching the old newspapers and quotes the following curious advertisement: "Wanted—A woman, middle-aged, to wait upon a young lady of great fashion and fortune; the woman must be of the church of England, have had the small-pox in the natural way, very sober, steady and well-behaved, and understand dress, getting up lace and fine linen, and doing all things necessary for a young lady that goes into all public places and keeps the best company. Inquire of the printer of this paper."—October 1, 1774."

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Optician.  
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Consult us about your eyesight.

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Made to order and Pictures Framed in artistic style.  
J. H. J. THOMPSON, 84 Wabash ave., CHICAGO.

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**MEXICAN HAIT RESTORATIVE.** It removes all dandruff, stops hair from falling out and cures all diseases of the scalp. It is no dye and washes absolutely harmless. Money refunded if it does not do every thing claimed for it. Sent to any address on receipt of a note. 50¢ per bottle. Full information free. Agents, J. ALLEN & CO., 312 Inter Ocean Building, Chicago, Ill.

**OPTICAL INSTITUTE EYES**  
WATRY  
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Satisfaction guaranteed, 20 Days' trial. Chicago, Ill.

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PANTS MADE TO ORDER... \$4.00 NO MORE, TO ORDER... \$4.00 NO LESS.  
WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

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And bring with you to  
**THE WILSON STUDIO**  
380 State Street, Chicago.  
It will entitle you to an elegant quarter-life size portrait of yourself with every detail of the best cabinet for \$1.00. Old pictures copied and enlarged.

**Better than Government Bonds.**  
The stock in  
Young Men's Savings, Loan and Building Ass'n.

Membership Free. Weekly dues, 25¢ per share.  
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**FREE! FREE! FREE!**  
The **DENTAL WORK**  
Of every description for just the bare cost of material.

**Teeth Without Plates.**  
No College. No Infirmary. DRS. IRELAND and KERNY, Principals Operators.

**The Metropolitan Dental Association**  
(Incorporated.)  
Cor. State and Madison Sts., CHICAGO.

**OUR COMBINATION SUITS**  
FOR BOYS



## THE SILENT BATTLE.

Shall I tell you about the battle  
That was fought in the world to-day,  
Where thousands went down like heroes  
To death in the pitiless fray?

You may know some of the wounded  
And some of the fallen when  
I tell you this wonderful battle  
Was fought in the hearts of men.

Not with the sounding of trumpets,  
Nor clashing of sabers drawn,  
But silent as twilight in autumn,  
All day the fight went on.

And over against temptation  
A mother's prayers were cast  
That had come by silent marches  
From the lullaby land of the past.

And over the field of battle  
The force of ambition went,  
Driving before it, like arrows,  
The children of sweet content.

And memories odd and olden  
Came up through the dust of years,  
And hopes that were glad and golden  
Were met by a host of fears.

And the heart grew worn and weary  
And said: "Oh, can it be  
That I am worth the struggle  
You are making to-day for me?"

For the heart itself was the trophy  
And prize of this warring light  
And tell me, O gentle reader,  
Who camps on the field to-night?

—Alfred Ellison, in Chicago Record.



A STUDY IN SCARLET

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

## CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Oh! a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very pleasant. I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. The proper study of mankind is man," you know."

"You must study him, then," Stamford said, as he bade me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered, and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

## CHAPTER II.—THE SCIENCE OF DETECTION.

We met next day as he had arranged, and inspected the rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting. They consisted of a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a single large, airy sitting-room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows. So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us, that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession. That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus. For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down, and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings.

Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning. Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting-rooms and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him, but now and again a reaction would seize him and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting-room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased. His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination. His hands were invariably blotted with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his fragile philosophical instruments.

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed on all that concerned himself. Before pronouncing judgment, however, be it remembered how objectless was my life and how little there was to engage my attention. My health forbade me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence. Under these circumstances I eagerly hailed the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavoring to unravel it.

He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion on that point. Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world. Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily

ample and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me. Surely no man would work so hard to attain such precise information unless he had some definite end in view. Desultory readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning. No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very good reason for doing so.

His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing. Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican theory and of the composition of the solar system. That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to be to me such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

"You appear to be astonished," he said, smiling at my expression of surprise. "Now that I do know it I shall do my best to forget it."

"To forget it!"

"You see," he explained, "I consider that a man's brain originally is like a little empty attic, and you have to stock it with such furniture as you choose. A fool takes in all the lumber of every sort that he comes across, so that the knowledge which might be useful to him gets crowded out, or at best is jumbled up with a lot of other things, so that he has a difficulty in laying his hands upon it. Now the skillful workman is very careful indeed as to what he takes into his brain-attic. He will have nothing but the tools which may help him in doing his work, but of these he has a large assortment, and all in the most perfect order. It is a mistake to think that that little room has elastic walls and can distend to any extent. Depend upon it, there comes a time when for every addition of knowledge you forget something that you knew before. It is of the highest importance, therefore, not to have useless facts elbowing out the useful ones."

"But the solar system!" I protested.

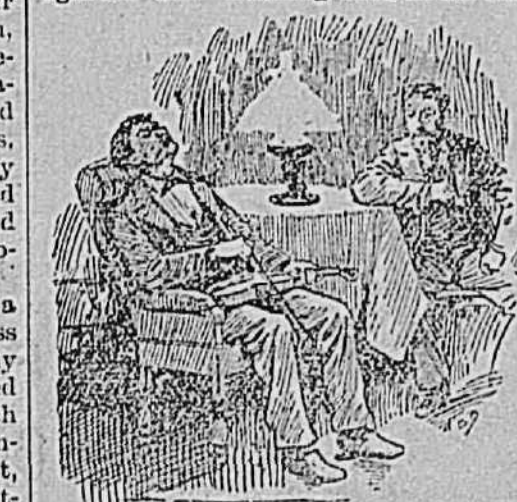
"What the deuce is it to me?" he interrupted impatiently; "you say that we go round the sun. If we went round the moon it would not make a pennyworth of difference to me or to my work."

I was on the point of asking him what that work might be, but something in his manner showed me that the question would be an unwelcome one. I pondered over our short conversation, however, and endeavored to draw my deductions from it. He said that he would acquire no knowledge which did not bear upon his object. Therefore all the knowledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him. I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he had shown me that he was exceptionally well informed. I even took a pencil and jotted them down. I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it. It ran in this way:

- SHERLOCK HOLMES—his limits.
1. Knowledge of Literature.—Nil.
  2. Knowledge of Philosophy.—Nil.
  3. Knowledge of Astronomy.—Nil.
  4. Knowledge of Politics.—Feeble.
  5. Knowledge of History.—Variable. Well up in belated annals, opium and poisons generally. Knows nothing of practical gardening.
  6. Knowledge of Geology.—Practical, but limited. Tells at a glance different soils from each other. After walks has shown me splashes upon his trousers, and told me by their color and consistence in what part of London he had received them.
  7. Knowledge of Chemistry.—Profound.
  8. Knowledge of Anatomy.—Accurate, but unsystematic.
  9. Knowledge of Sensational Literature.—Immense. He appears to know every detail of every horror perpetrated in the century.
  10. Plays the violin well.
  11. Is an expert single-stick player, boxer and swordsman.
  12. Has a good practical knowledge of British law.

When I had got so far in my list I threw it into the fire in despair. "If I can only find what the fellow is driving at by reconciling all these accomplishments, and discovering a calling which needs them all," I said to myself, "I may as well give up the attempt at once."

I see that I have alluded above to his powers on the violin. These were very remarkable, but as eccentric as all his other accomplishments. That he could play pieces, and difficult pieces, I knew well, because at my request he has played me some of Mendelssohn's Lieder and other favorites. When left to himself, however, he would seldom produce any music or attempt any recognized air. Leaning back in his arm



HE WOULD CLOSE HIS EYES AND SCRAPE CARELESSLY AT THE FIDDLE.

chair of an evening he would close his eyes and scrape carelessly at the fiddle which was thrown across his knee. Sometimes the chords were sonorous and melancholy. Occasionally they were fantastic and cheerful. Clearly they reflected the thoughts which possessed him, but whether the music aided those thoughts, or whether the playing was simply the result of a whim or fancy was more than I could determine. I might have rebelled against these expensiveness of his had it not been that he usually terminated them by playing in quick succession a whole series of his favorite airs as a slight compensation for the trial upon my patience.

During the first week or so we had no callers, and I had begun to think that

my companion was as friendless a man as I was myself. Presently, however, I found that he had many acquaintances, and those in most different classes of society. There was one little, sallow, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow who was introduced to me as Mr. Lestrade, and who came three or four times in a single week. One morning a young girl called, fashionably dressed, and stayed for half an hour or more. The same afternoon brought a grey-headed, seedy visitor, looking like a Jew peddler, who appeared to me to be much excited, and who was closely followed by a slipshod elderly woman. On another occasion an old white-haired gentleman had an interview with my companion; and on another a railway porter in his velvet uniform. When any of these nondescript individuals put in an appearance, Sher-



ONE MORNING A YOUNG GIRL CALLED FASHIONABLY DRESSED.

lock Holmes used to beg for the use of the sitting-room, and I would retire to my bedroom. He always apologized to me for putting me to this inconvenience. "I have to use this room as a place of business," he said, "and these people are my clients." Again I had an opportunity of asking him a pointed question, and again my delicacy prevented me from forcing another man to confide in me. I imagined at the time that he had some strong reason for not alluding to it, but he soon dispelled the idea by coming round to the subject of his own accord.

It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember, that I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast. The landlady had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared. With the unreasonable petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready. Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast. One of the articles had a pencil mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it.

Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of Life," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate and systematic examination of all that came in his way. It struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to be far-fetched and exaggerated. The writer claimed by a momentary expression, a twitch of a muscle or a glance of an eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts. Deceit, according to him, was an impossibility in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid. So startling would his results appear to the uninitiated that, until they learned the processes by which he had arrived at them, they might well consider him a necromancer.

"From a drop of water," said the writer, "a logician could infer the possibility of an Atlantic or a Niagara without having seen or heard of one or the other. So all life is a great chain, the nature of which is known whenever we are shown a single link of it. Like all other arts, the science of deduction and analysis is one which can only be acquired by long and patient study, nor is life long enough to allow any mortal to attain the highest possible perfection in it. Before turning to those moral and mental aspects of the matter which present the greatest difficulties, let the inquirer begin by mastering more elementary problems. Let him, on meeting a fellow-mortal, learn at a glance to distinguish the history of the man, and the trade or profession to which he belongs. Puerile as such an exercise may seem, it sharpens the faculties of observation and teaches one where to look and what to look for. By a man's finger-nails, by his coat-sleeve, by his boot, by his trousers, by the callouses of his forefinger and thumb, by his expression, by his shirt-cuffs—by each of these things a man's calling is plainly revealed. That all united should fail to enlighten the competent inquirer in any case is almost inconceivable."

"What ineffable twaddle!" I cried, slapping the magazine down on the table. "I never read such rubbish in my life."

"What is it?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"Why, this article," I said, pointing at it with my egg spoon as I sat down to my breakfast. "I see that you have read it, since you have marked it. I don't deny that it is smartly written. It irritates me, though. It is evidently the theory of some arm-chair lounge who evolves all these neat little paradoxes in the seclusion of his own study. It is not practical. I should like to see him clapped down in a third-class carriage on the Underground, and asked to give the trades of all his fellow travelers. I would lay a thousand to one against him."

"You would lose your money," Sherlock Holmes remarked, calmly. "As for the article, I wrote it myself."

"You!"

"Yes, I have a turn both for observation and for deduction. The theories which I have expressed there, and which appear to you to be so chimerical, are really extremely practical—so

practical that I depend upon them for my bread and cheese."

"And how?" I asked, involuntarily.

"Well, I have a trade of my own. I suppose I am the only one in the world. I'm a consulting detective. If you can understand what that is. Here in London we have lots of government detectives and lots of private ones. When these fellows are at fault they come to me, and I manage to put them on the right scent. They lay all the evidence before me, and I am generally able, by the help of my knowledge of the history of crime, to set them straight. There is a strong family resemblance about misdeeds, and if you have all the details of a thousand at your fingertips, it is odd if you can't unravel the thousand and first. Lestrade is a well-known detective. He got himself into a fog recently over a forgery case, and that was what brought him here."

"And those other people?"

"They are mostly sent out by private inquiry agencies. They are all people who are in trouble about something, and want a little enlightening. I listen to their story, they listen to my comments, and then I pocket my fee."

"But do you mean to say," I said, "that without leaving your room you can unravel some knot which other men can make nothing of, although they have seen every detail for themselves?"

"Quite so. I have a kind of intuition that way. Now and again a case turns up which is a little more complex. Then I have to bustle about and see things with my own eyes. You see, I have a lot of special knowledge which I apply to the problem, and which facilitates matters wonderfully. Those rules of deduction laid down in that article which aroused your scorn are invaluable to me in practical work. Observation with me is second nature. You appeared to be surprised when I told you, on our first meeting, that you had come from Afghanistan."

"You were told, no doubt."

"Nothing of the sort. I knew you came from Afghanistan. From long habit the train of thought ran so swiftly through my mind that I arrived at the conclusion without being conscious of intermediate steps. There were such steps, however. The train of reasoning ran: 'Here is a gentleman of a medical type, but with the air of a military man. Clearly an army doctor, then. He has just come from the tropics, for his face is dark, and that is not the natural tint of his skin, for his wrists are fair. He has undergone hardship and sickness, as his haggard face says clearly. His left arm has been injured. He holds it in a stiff and unnatural manner. Where in the tropics could an English army doctor have seen much hardship and got his arm wounded? Clearly in Afghanistan.' The whole train of thought did not occupy a second. I then remarked that you came from Afghanistan, and you were astonished."

"It is simple enough as you explain it," I said, smiling. "You remind me of Edgar Allan Poe's 'Dupin.' I had no idea that such individuals did exist outside of stories."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ACKNOWLEDGING HIS ERROR.

A Serio-Comic Anecdote of Sheridan's Retold.

I remember to have heard or read somewhere a serio-comic anecdote related by Sheridan, which is well worth repeating.

An Irish officer, who had served in Malta, and also in the Indies, was very fond, at table, of relating his adventures and telling of the wonderful things he had seen. Sometimes he might get things a little mixed, but his intent was to tell nothing but the truth. One day, at a public dinner, he was expatiating on the luxuries living at Malta, and spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. And, then, how freely they grew there! He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade.

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously.

"I fail, major," said our hero's second, "you're hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting."

"Capers! capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a start. "Oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!" And hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so: "My dear friend, I hope you ain't killed; and if I've harmed you seriously I'll ask your pardon forever; for I made a murderer's mistake! It was capers that I saw growing on the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"—N. Y. Ledger.

A Disadvantage.

"Are we to have the electric lights in the house this winter, papa?" asked sweet Evelyn of her dotting father.

"Yes, my child."

"I'm sorry, papa."

"Why, my love?"

"Because, papa, dear, they won't turn down."—Detroit Free Press.

Sure.

Araminta—What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?

Cholly—I think it must be the beams.

—Truth.

His Advice.

Young Man—Doctor, I have no appetite.

Doctor—Then why don't you marry the girl?—Life.

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